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THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN THE WORLD.

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RICHARD E. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1899.

VOLUME LXXV.—No. 1163.
Price 10 Cents.

FINE HALFTONE SUPPLEMENT FREE THIS WEEK—CLEVER JOE CAIN



THEY HATED THE MINE BOSSES.
WOMEN OF SCRANTON, PA., HANGED THEM IN EFFIGY TO SHOW THEIR CONTEMPT.



RICHARD K. FOX
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

NEW YORK AND LONDON

Saturday, December 2, 1899.

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FINE HALFTONE SUPPLEMENTS

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RICHARD K. FOX
FRANKLIN SQUARE NEW YORK CITY

CORRESPONDENTS WANTED

Intelligent young men of good character, living in cities of not over 50,000 in population, will be furnished credentials which will give them admittance to places of amusement as representatives of the

POLICE GAZETTE

if they will act as correspondents for this paper.

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION, ADDRESS

RICHARD K. FOX,
PUBLISHER,
NEW YORK AND LONDON.

INTERESTING NEWS ITEMS

—GATHERED IN THE THEATRICAL FIELD—

OF CLEVER MEN AND WOMEN

Professionals Are Requested to Send Good Photographs of Themselves for Reproduction in Half-tone.

VAUDEVILLE GOSSIP SOLICITED FOR THIS PAGE.

Little Elk, the Famous "Police Gazette" Overland Traveler, Makes a Hit at Huber's Fourteenth Street Museum, New York City.

Little Elk, the famous "Police Gazette" overland traveler, whose arrival was recently recorded, was at the head of the bills at Huber's Museum last week. He proved a most attractive feature of that popular resort. He is a most picturesque figure, and he exhibits the broncho as well as the two pack mules he brought from the Pacific coast. He will remain in the East for the winter, and in the spring will start on another tour of the country.

Charles Cirlincione made a hit with his act last week at the Palace Theatre, Manchester, N. H.

Pearl and George Fraser will produce a new act at Boston shortly.

Send your photographs to the "Police Gazette" for reproduction on the dramatic page.

Theatrical personals and gossip solicited for these columns.

Frank Whitman, the dancing violinist, has been re-engaged for the Boston run of the "Man in the Moon" Company.

"Mike" Bernard, of "Tony" Pastor's, has a new rag-time march which is bound to become popular.

Mlle. Bonita is doing a great turn at the Bijou Theatre, Richmond, Va.

The Smedley Sketch Club, which includes some very bright children, have made a hit in vaudeville this season. They are fixed until spring with the Rents-Santley Company.



After Her Turn She goes out to Lunch with Her Maid.

ville at Miner's 125th Street Theatre, New York city.

Edward O'Connell, of O'Connell and Mack, and Beatrice Goldsmith, of the Three Goldsmith Sisters, are now man and wife.

The St. Clair Brothers made the hit of the show during a recent performance at Watson's Opera House, Lynn, Mass.

H. L. O. Lawrence, the business manager of the Georgia Minstrels, reports great business. Among the members are Carrie B. Wood, John W. Dennis, Mr.

PIQUANT AND INTENSE

"A PARISIAN SULTANA." A charming story from the French, by Albert de Sagan. Beautifully and appropriately illustrated. Price 25 cents. Address RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York.

and Mrs. Williams, Zeda, Fountain Wood, the Black Herrmann, the original Suwannee River Quartette, the Oak Leaf Quartette and ten other singers, dancers and cake walkers.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Milton Royle were the guests of honor at a luncheon at the Montauk Club, Brooklyn, recently.

Bryant and Saville don't want any more

like to be his shirt, which is the next thing to him.

Howe and Scott, a clever vaudeville team, made a big hit at Proctor's Leland Theatre, Albany, recently.

May Morning, the "Dresden China Doll," is preparing a new act that will be a winner. She calls it "Past and Present."

Purcell and Maynard played a date with "Gus" Hill's Gay Masqueraders at the Lyceum Theatre, Boston.

Fayne Moore is playing at Koster and Bial's in "Around New York in Eighty Minutes."

Jessie Hall has joined Clark Bros. Royal Burlesquers.

Capt. Sidney Hinman did his clever turn at the Musee, Worcester, Mass., last week.

Alice Sablon was enthusiastically received at Sheedy's Museum, Fall River, Mass., last week.

Lucaine and Darrell's act went with a rush at the Haymarket Theatre, Chicago, Ill., last week.

While Marie Stanley was playing at Worcester, Mass., a week ago, she celebrated her birthday and received many valuable presents.

There is still a vacancy for Classy Loftus at Weber and Fields.

Emil Katzenstein, pianist of Keith's Union Square Theatre, has composed a new march which he calls "Ching Ling Foo."

Filson and Errol made the hit of the week at Keith's Providence Theatre in "A Tip on the Derby."

Harry Thomson, the great character man, will open the Kohl-Castle circuit Dec. 24.

The bright Weston Sisters are a quartette now and they are now rehearsing an act that will be a hot one.

"Joe" Hart's All Star Vaudeville Company is doing better than ever this year.

Frank Cushman has been playing to good business on the Orpheum circuit.

Cole and Johnson are doing fine business on the road with their "Trip to Coontown."

Charles Leonard Fletcher and Miss Neville are doing travesties this year.

Minnie Vernon, wife of the ventriloquist of that name, has joined the Actors' Fund.

"Frankie" Elmore has closed with the Rents-Santley Company and is back again in the vaudeville.

Margaret Scott has been nine weeks on the Lathrop circuit in New England.

"Gussie" Felix is one of the most accomplished female cornetists on the stage to-day.

Wood and Ray are making good with their dates on the New England circuit.

Matthews and Thompson are playing principal ends with Shepard's Minstrels.

Murphy and Palmer made a great showing last week at the Columbia Theatre, Lawrence, Mass.

Hazel Reynolds is receiving great commendation for her work at the Athenaeum, Boston.

"Hi Tom" Ward and Annie Smilax were the hit of the bill at the Bella Union Theatre, San Antonio, Tex., week before last.

Nellie Lawrence did great business when she was at the Bijou Theatre, Richmond, Va.

Klein and Clifton are doing their clever act at Charleston, S. C., this week.

The Gaspard Brothers met with a great reception at Cleveland, O., during a recent engagement.

RICH AND RARE

"A FATAL SIN." By Rene De Richelieu. Hand-drawn and illustrated with 36 engravings. Sent direct by mail, securely wrapped, on receipt of 25 cents, by RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.

GOOD CLEAR PHOTOGRAPHS OF GROUPS WILL BE REPRODUCED in the POLICE GAZETTE

HOW WESTERN TOUGHS DIE

AS RELATED BY A MAN WHO KNOWS THE GAME;

WITH THEIR BOOTS ON

How Dynamite Dick, a Famous Border Outlaw, Saved His Friend From Trouble and Faced a Posse Alone.

HE QUICKLY AVENGED AN INSULT TO HIS WIFE.

Details of the Nerviest Duel on Record in Which the Men Fought Only the Length of a Handkerchief Apart.

A man of Guthrie, Okla., was telling stories about the hot times in the Territory, and he said the two toughest men he ever knew were Charles Clifton, who was often called "Dynamite Dick," and "Red Buck" Wakeman. They were killed within thirteen miles of each other, one on Sunday and the other on Monday.

A posse of nine marshals was after Clifton, and he was run down to the cabin of a man called "Sid" Williams, who had his wife and two children there. Clifton knew his time had come, for he told "Sid" not to try and help him, as he was going to play his last hand out alone.

Then the story goes by the man who knew it all:

"Then, instead of making his fight from the cabin window holes and from cracks between the logs, like some less nervy bad men have done when similarly rounded up, he pushed Williams and his wife and children into a corner of the shack, gave each of the two kids a hug—he had a couple of his own, y'see—and then he grabbed the two guns out of his belt lying on a bunk, sprang to the cabin door, threw it wide open and gave the yelp:

"Everybody blase!"

"He opened fire on the group of marshals, all of them mounted, with the words, and got four of them pretty badly before they let him have the volley that sent him over the big divide.

"Wakeman didn't make such a bad finish, either, although he did it from the brush. He was on the Checotah trail, most likely bound for Wichita, Kan., where he had friends, when the two marshals who had been beating the two Territories for him came up behind him on foot. He did not hear their approach, but plodded on in apparent sense of security.

"Hey, there, Red," one of the marshals called after him when only thirty feet separated them, "are you ready to stroll along with us now, or is it a case of shoot?"

"The marshals told us afterward in Guthrie that Wakeman didn't even wheel around to see if he was covered—as he was by the four guns of the two marshals—but simply made a side-wise leap from the trail into the brush so quickly that the four balls they sent after him as he made the move came nowhere near hitting him. With only his head and shoulders sticking above the brush, Wakeman turned upon his hunters, who were still shooting at him, and began his fire.

"Case o' shoot?" he yelled. "You bet," and then a bullet got him right.

"I knew Charley Clifton," said the story teller, "when he was a chubby-faced boy in Davenport, Ia. The family moved to Kansas City and Charley got a job in a hardware store. By the time he was twenty years old he was known as Dynamite Dick and he was a hard case.

"A couple of years after I had gone into business in Guthrie, Charley Clifton walked in on me one day with a nice-looking girl on his arm. This was right after the big bank robbery at Ingalls, Okla., which was committed by the Dalton gang, and I felt pretty certain that Clifton, this former chubby-faced boy I'd known, who I now knew was regarded as one of the worst desperadoes in the two territories, had been mixed up in the robbery. His appearance in Guthrie liked to have taken my breath away.

"You were in that Ingalls job?" I said to him when we got away from the young woman a moment. "Don't you lie to me, boy," for I saw him wavering a bit.

"He owned up to it.

"Well, what have you come to Guthrie for—to get hung?" I asked him.

"He replied that he wasn't known in Guthrie, and that he had come there to get his wife, the young woman with him, whom he had married in Kansas City when the girl was only fourteen years old.

"Does she know what you are?" I inquired of him.

"No," said he, "and she won't either, if I can help it."

"He was put to the ordeal on that question not ten minutes later. He left my store with his wife for a livery stable, where he was to get a team and pull out for some point he wouldn't mention to me—and I didn't want to know, as far as that's concerned. As the two went down the street Turk Hackett, the proprietor of a faro layout in Guthrie, and a pretty dangerous man, stumbled out of a saloon drunk, and bumped hard against Clifton's young wife. If Clifton had been alone Hackett would have been a dead man in three seconds. As it was, Clifton set his jaw down hard, and simply turned and looked Hackett over. Hackett returned the stare, and then with the impudence of drunkenness—he didn't know Clifton from Adam—he walked up to the desperado.

"Don't like the bumpin' game, eh, Petey?" he said,

leering. "But you'll get used to it, down in this country. Have another," and he gave as bad a man as there was in the Southwest a shove with his right shoulder that almost threw him off his feet. Then he stood and laughed maudlinly. Clifton walked up to his wife.

"Come on, Grace," he said, and the two walked on down the street.

"Three months later Hackett moved with his flyer faro layout to Southwest City, Mo. It was only a week after he had made the move that Charley Clifton walked in on him one afternoon before the game had opened up for play. A lot of hangers-on were standing around. Clifton approached Hackett from behind and tapped him on the shoulder.

"Have you got any tools on you?" Clifton asked Hackett.

"That's a monkey question to ask," replied Hackett. "I've always got 'em on me. What's it to you?"

"Because," replied Clifton, "I've always made it a



With only a Handkerchief Between Them they Fought.

practice not to kill an unarmed man if I can help it. And I'm going to kill you as soon as you get to your feet and face me."

"Hackett was on his feet and facing him in half a second, and he was dead two seconds later. The hangers-on never made a move. Clifton's horse was outside, and he left Southwest City in a mild canter, with nobody after him—for only a few months before the Dalton gang had robbed a bank in Southwest City and killed a number of citizens in the breakaway, and the people in the town had got all they wanted of bad man chasing.

"The story about Clifton's handkerchief duel with Bill Dalton was on the level. The two men had been growling about the division of plunder for a long while, until, about seven years ago, the quarrel came to a head, and the two men shot at each other in hot blood down in the Choctaw country, both missing because their shooting arms were thrown up by members of the band. Then both Dalton and Clifton made a declaration. There wasn't room for both of them in the same gang. They were a unit on that point. Clifton announced that he would quit the outfit and start a gang of his own. Dalton wouldn't have this, probably out of fear as much as from selfishness.

"All right," said Clifton, "then we fight this thing

IMPORTANT NOTICE

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out at powder singeing range, and the man that lives, if either of us does live, runs this outfit."

"There was liquor aboard of all hands at the time of this talk, and both Clifton and Dalton were at least half drunk, as Wakeman, who was a member of the gang at the time, confessed when he was locked up in Guthrie. The duel was quickly arranged. With their guns in their right hands, the two men grasped the ends of a bandanna handkerchief with their left hands, and stood back to back. Cal Foreman, one of the worst members of the gang, gave the command to fire. Dalton lurched as he turned to fire, and his pistol was discharged prematurely. Clifton got Dalton in the right shoulder and gave him a bad wound. Neither man having been killed, as was anticipated, Clifton quit the gang forthwith and formed the organization of his own that terrorized the two Territories until the leader was rounded up."

PRETTY GIRLS WHO CAN KICK.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

There was high kicking among some good looking creole girls of New Orleans the other day for a medal which created considerable of a sensation in the Crescent City. Some particularly high steppers were developed, and strange to say the trophy was won by the shortest of the lot.

DARED THE POLICEMEN.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

There was a little riot in a factory on the south side of St. Louis, Mo., recently, and it became necessary to call the police. The girls barricaded the door and when the officers broke it down the belligerents dared them to enter. No arrests were made when the girls promised to be good.

YOUNG SIMISTER.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Young Simister is a young Philadelphia pugilist who is open to fight any 118-pound man in the country, bar none. He has been in eighty-seven fights and has never been knocked out.

GEORGE PARENT.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

George Parent, whose right name is George Goodwin, is an all-around athlete, now in Europe astonish-

RICHARD K. FOX

DONATES ANOTHER FINE

BOWLER'S MEDAL

It Will Be Competed For at the Buffalo Tournament.

CHANCE FOR THE CHAMPIONS.

Interesting Gossip of the Bowlers Throughout the Country.

At last it has come, and it is nothing less than the grandest bowling tournament of the century for the individual championship of America. It will be held in Buffalo, N. Y.

John G. Floss, owner of the famous Iroquois alleys, of Buffalo, N. Y., president of the Inter-State League and well known throughout the United States as a progressive advocate of this popular winter pastime, is manager of the greatest enterprise yet conceived in the bowling world.

At this writing a number of entries have been received from different parts of the country, and the list is filling rapidly for the series, which will be known as the National One-Man Tournament. Mr. Richard K. Fox has come to the front, as he has repeatedly done in the past, and he will provide one of the handsomest bowling trophies ever made for competition, and which will carry with it all the championship honors. This will be of particular interest to bowlers, many of whom have seen the fine diamond medal for bowlers which was made some years ago.

It is requested that all bowlers intending to compete will send their names and addresses to this office.

The list of prizes which will be offered at the tournament is as follows:

First the Richard K. Fox "Police Gazette" Trophy, representing the championship, and \$300 in cash; second \$150; third \$100; fourth \$75; fifth \$50; sixth \$35; seventh \$25; eighth \$15; ninth \$10; tenth \$5; eleventh \$3; twelfth \$2; thirteenth \$1; fourteenth \$1; fifteenth \$1.

The schedule will be arranged so that pin knights from other cities will be able to finish their series within a week. Send entries at once to John G. Floss, Iroquois alleys, Buffalo, N. Y.

On the back page of this issue is a fine illustration of young women bowling. The game is becoming very popular these days, thanks to the interest which has been taken in it by Mr. Richard K. Fox, who has excited keener competition by the POLICE GAZETTE medals.

BOWLING GOSSIP.

Tremendous interest is being awakened in the feminine portion of the community regarding bowling matters. Fully twice as many clubs formed exclusively of women are in existence to-day than were known last season.

On McCabe's well-known alleys at Columbus, O., the North Sides won three straight from the Kalmers.

E. A. Modersohn is the popular proprietor of the alleys at the corner of 116th street and Eighth avenue.

The Toronto, Canada, League has received a communication from the secretary of the American Bowling Congress of the United States regarding the dates for the annual contest between the bowlers of both countries.

Wm. Knoeser's Claremont Hall alleys, 544 West 127th street, are fitted up with noiseless balls and pins.

King and Morford won cleverly from Hoess and Kern on the Fairview alleys, Cincinnati, O.; best five out of nine.

Felix Dougherty's alleys, Buffalo, N. Y., were crowded at the time of the engagement between the Senecas and Indians, and the former had the best of the argument.

Mussey's popular alleys, Chicago, Ill., are drawing large crowds this season to watch the American League series, where the Washingtons have captured first place.

Martin Kern, the proprietor of the Hamilton County League alleys, Cincinnati, O., will inaugurate a two-men tourney. Twenty-four teams have entered, and the prizes will be \$135.

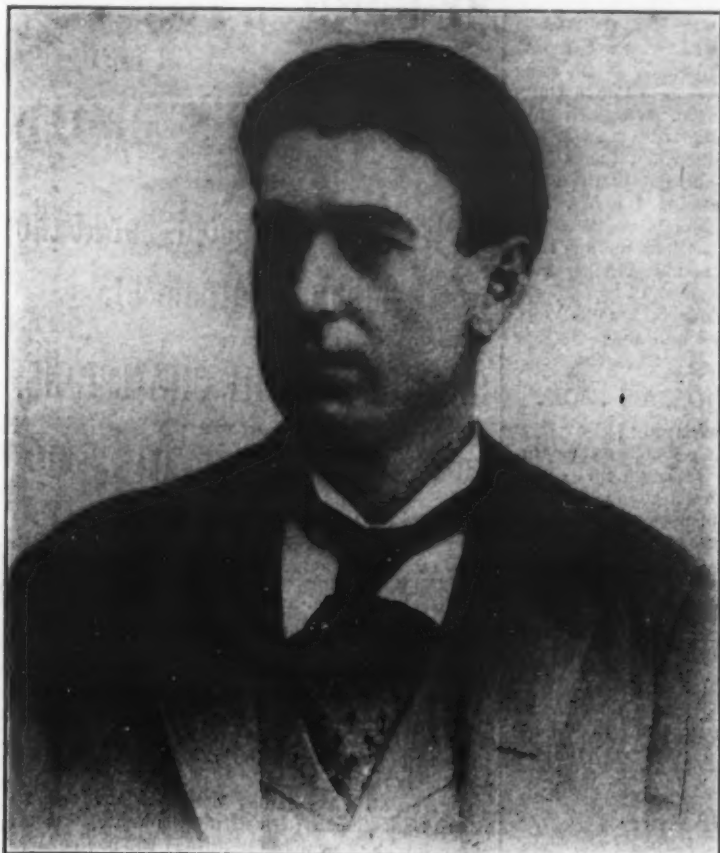
Soergel's alleys, Buffalo, N. Y., were the scene of considerable excitement when Beck's Indians from Seneca street won from the Oxford last week. Henry Engel and T. Mayhew were the champions of the evening.

In a match game between Herman Ehler, formerly of the Brooklyn Palace alleys, and Theodore Wendell, on Fred. Knobel's alleys, 360 Fulton street, Brooklyn, where the former is manager, Ehler won the \$50 stakes.

FOR THAT TIRED FEELING

Over 1,000 recipes in the "Police Gazette Bartender's Guide." Handsomely bound and copiously illustrated. Sold by all news-dealers or sent by mail to any address for 25 cents. POLICE GAZETTE, Franklin Square, New York.

A FINE SUPPLEMENT NEXT WEEK--SPIDER KELLY. A GREAT LITTLE FIGHTER



FRANK JEROME.
MANAGER OF THE HERALD SQUARE COMEDIANS
IN "A JAY IN NEW YORK."



WILTSIE SISTERS.
TWO PARTICULARLY CLEVER AND HANDSOME YOUNG WOMEN WHO HAVE
MADE A PRONOUNCED SUCCESS IN THE VAUDEVILLES.



MARIE ADELL.
VOCALIST WHO IS NOW WITH GUS HILL'S
"GAY MASQUERADERS."



"BABE" RIEL.
FANCY DANCER WITH COLONEL GASKILL'S
CARNIVAL COMPANY.



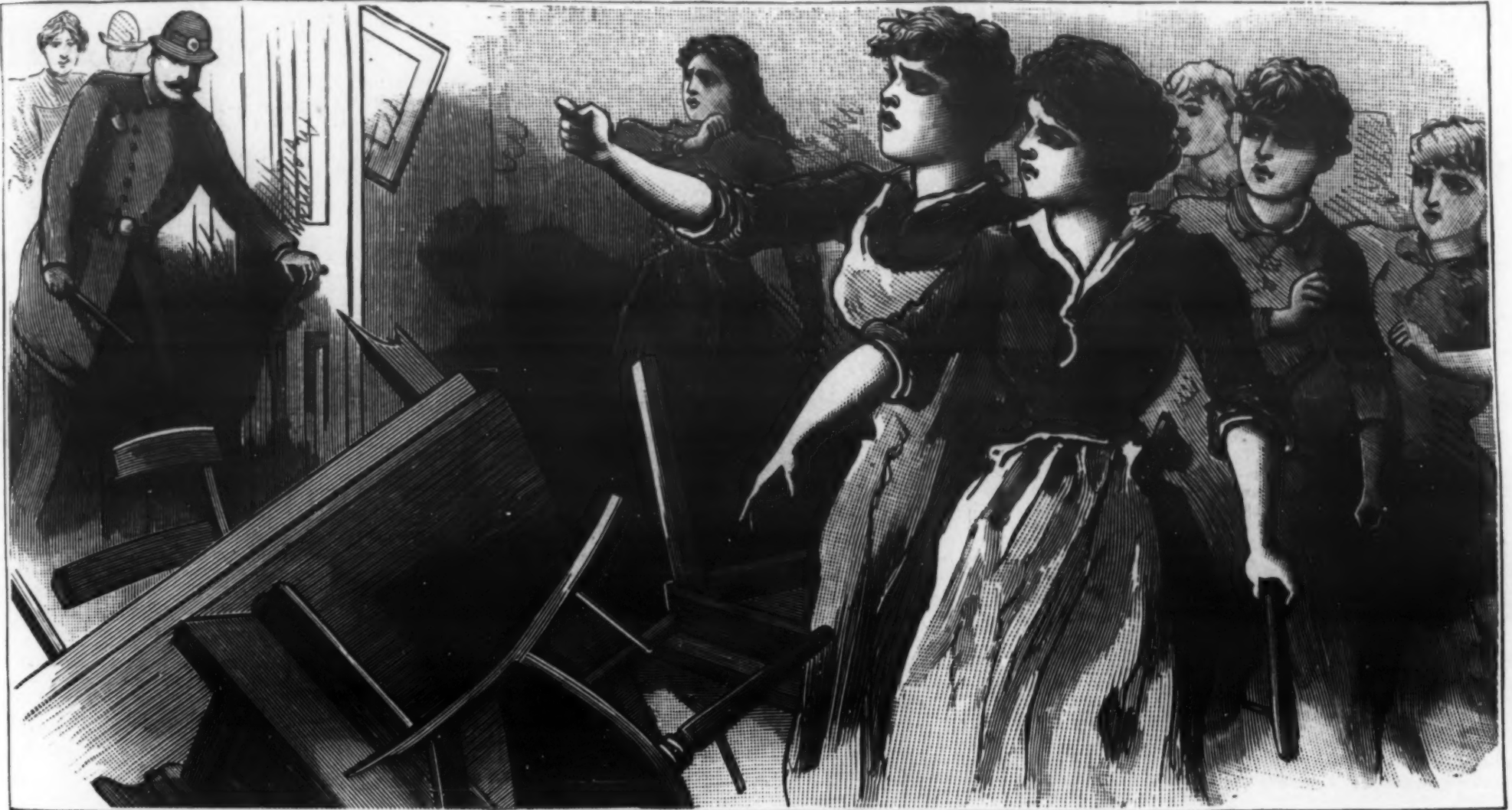
ELLA ALTMAN.
CHARMING BURLESQUER WITH GUS HILL'S
"VANITY FAIR" COMPANY.



"BILLY" BARLOW.
VERSATILE IRISH COMEDIAN WITH SCHAEFER'S "TRIP TO
CONEY ISLAND" COMPANY.

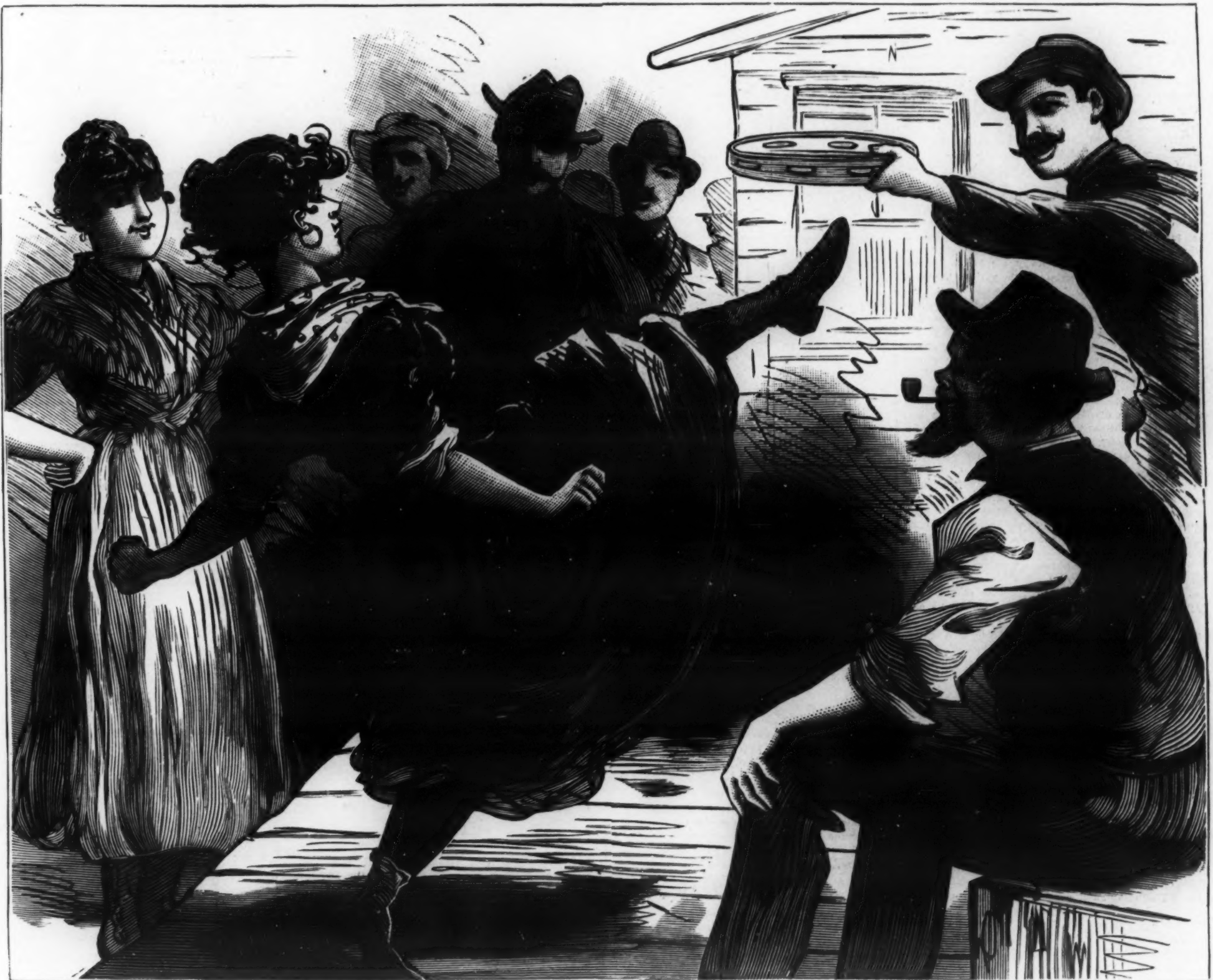


CLAYTO AND CLARICE.
YOUTHFUL MUSICAL PRODIGES WHO ARE POPULAR AMONG
THE THEATRE-GOERS OF THE WESTERN STATES.



DARED THE POLICEMEN.

FACTORY GIRLS HAVE A RIOT IN ST. LOUIS AND THE STRONG ARM OF THE LAW IS CALLED ON.



PRETTY GIRLS WHO CAN KICK.

ATHLETIC DAMSELS OF NEW ORLEANS, LA., SHOW THEIR PACES IN A CONTEST FOR A MEDAL.

HOW A WOMAN WON A FORTUNE WHEN SHE WAS BROKE AND IN HARD LUCK AT THE ROULETTE TABLE

Played Her Age on the Little Wheel and Paralyzed the Gamblers
by Taking \$41,500 From the Game.

ALMOST TOOK ALL THERE WAS IN THE BANK.

When She Won Out All She Wanted She Went Home and the Next Day Left With
Her Husband For Her Home in the East.

"It is not often that you see a respectable married woman playing roulette in this country," said a man who was a prospector for gold years ago, as he chatted with a party of friends the other night in the Hoffman House, "but I was a witness once of such an occurrence. The woman was gambling because she needed the money, and it made every looker-on happy to see her stick the bank for more than it had won during the month. An old miner, who afterward made a fortune in the gold regions of the far West, was the husband of the woman gambler, and it was because of the hard luck which had come to him that his wife went out one night alone to make a stake to carry them on to the gold fields. He did not know of the gambling until his wife got back with the money, and he was so overjoyed that he could not scold her for mixing with such a crowd.

"I was hunting for gold in those days myself," continued the old miner, "and we had been having a hard winter. A new camp had been established near Black Gulch, and we called it Little Heaven.

"One night, I remember it well, the snow was falling and the weather was fierce. The saloons were selling hot drinks as fast as the barkeepers could dish them out, and a large crowd of rough miners was gathered at the gambler's. All the games were running. At each of these the luck was going with the house, as usual, and the bankers were raking in the coin. There was the usual crowd of rubbernecks, made up of men who were not playing because they were broke, but were anxious for a chance to try their luck just the same. The main gambler was standing by a poker table when a man rushed up and said there was a woman at the door.

"I want to know if I can try my luck," she said. "He didn't know what to say. He had never had a woman player in the house, but this little woman was so frail and weak that he had to invite her in. The rough gamblers eyed her, but there was something about her appearance which excited their pity. "Finally he made up his mind that he would let her play.

"She took a small bag of gold from her pocket and counted it. She put half of it back. Then she walked around the hall, while the eyes of the people who were not playing followed her. She watched the tables. A kind-hearted man, the same big fellow who had promised that she should not go away empty-handed, accompanied her and explained the various modes of play. The woman gazed long at the roulette. After a time she walked up, edged her way in with the others and bought a stack of chips. She gave a quarter of all she had for the stack. She had remembered that it was her birthday, and she was twenty-seven years of age that day. Fourteen years before she had met and married her husband. She did not know anything about the game, but the gamblers said it took a new hand at the business to win, so she put a chip on the 27, the number of her years. When the little ball rolled it stopped at 14. Then she played 14 and it jumped back to 27. She held off for two rolls and put a chip on 14 and two on 27, and the latter rolled up. After this she decided to play only the two numbers, and in ten minutes she had only five quarter-chips left. Twenty-seven had not rolled for several turns and she slipped the five chips on that number.

"Twenty-seven pays," cried the banker, and he counted off the chips for her. After that she played wildly and had a streak of luck that was marvelous.

"Well, that woman got to be a wild plunger. Her chips were changed from the twenty-five cent kind to the dollar blues, and she played these as recklessly as if they were free. Every turn of the wheel she had ten chips on 14 or 27, and while she lost time after time she came out far ahead in the end. The old man by this time was sick, and he had wished a thousand times in the minute that his sky limit was not the rule. Once he wanted to demur, but the crowd, which stood by the woman, raised objection, and he had to stand and shake while his money was going rapidly to the player. She continued to play the two numbers, and she won more than she ever dreamed of.

"She left camp with her husband the next morning and went to her home in the East."

COL. W. J. FIFE.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Lieutenant-Colonel W. J. Fife is now in command of the First Washington Volunteers on the line at Pasig and it can be said of him that he has more friends in the Eighth Army Corps than any other officer we know of, and he is as good a soldier as ever donned the blue of Uncle Sam, and even with his idea of strict discipline, is revered by every man in the regiment. Col. Fife has been counted the best drill-master in the National Guard. The appearance of the First Washington has been soldierly and gentlemanly ever since it was mustered into service. And in San Francisco it was noticeable that the Washington boys presented the neatest and best drilled appearance in the two big parades. When Col. Fife left Tacoma on the United States transport Senator with the first troops from the

North Pacific coast, 50,000 cheered him and his command along the line of march to the wharf. Col. Fife was in command at Fontana and then at Angle Island. Since the Washington boys came to Manila, Nov. 28, 1898, they have been on constant duty, and Gen. Chas. King has said that the boys from the Evergreen



She went all alone to the Gambling House.

State can't be surpassed as fighters. The regiment has lost 158 in killed and wounded since the fight opened at Manila on Feb. 4th; 300 are now on the sick list. This regiment has not had one day's rest, but has been at the front and on the firing line constantly.—The American, Manila, P. I., July 14th, 1899.

"BILLY" BARLOW

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

"Billy" Barlow, who is as well known and popular as any Irish comedian on the vaudeville stage to-day,

HERE'S A RICH ONE

"Woman and Her Lover." Translated from the French of Hector Malot. One of the most fascinating novels ever published. With 67 beautiful illustrations. Mailed to any address on receipt of 25 cents.

is a member of Emil Schaeffer's great company, "A Trip to Coney Island," now doing a great business on the road.

FRANK JEROME.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

A song writer and a manager is Frank Jerome. He is now on the road with Jerome's Herald Square Comedians, an aggregation of undiluted talent, now presenting to an appreciative public the joys of "A Jay in New York."

WOMAN SHAVED IN ST. LOUIS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A woman of Springfield, Ill., who made a recent visit to St. Louis, Mo., has made a record for herself as being the only woman who was ever shaved in a shop in that city. About 100 curious persons looked through the windows and crowded in the doors of a well-known barber shop while the woman was in the chair in the hands of an expert tonsorialist. She expressed great satisfaction in the manner in which the job was done.

BLONDE BEAUTY SCATTERED COIN.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A good looking woman, blonde and well dressed, with a few big diamonds on her fingers, made a hit in Detroit the other day by tossing handfuls of coins to a crowd of newsboys. She had been to luncheon with some friends and had opened a few bottles of wine. The juice of the grape made her liberal. The services of a policeman was necessary to disperse the crowd. He escorted her to her cab and said she was very much

CHALLENGES FROM ASPIRING SPORTS

If You Want a Match Send Your Def to
the "Police Gazette."

DEAR SIR—I flatter myself that I am an A 1 rag-time dancer, and am willing to meet anyone who is inclined to dispute it. I hereby challenge anyone to a trial, the same to be settled at "Chuck" Connors' ball at Tammany Hall, Dec. 15.

Yours truly in rag-time, HARRY SMITH.

DEAR SIR—I wish to issue a challenge to box any 116 or 118-pound man in the State of Georgia. Party must be a Georgian and reside in the State. Will box in private or public for from \$100 to \$500. Very truly, GEORGE W. BRADY, Rome, Ga.

EDITOR POLICE GAZETTE—I will match the boot-black, "Pete" Hefener, that works for me in my saloon here, against any one at pie eating for \$50 or \$100. Would like to match him against "Sam" Cook, of Enid, O. T., as I hear he claims to be champion of the West. Yours truly, R. B. MARONEY, Chickasha, I. T.

DEAR SIR—"Mike" Tutts, of Brooklyn, defeated George Kinnicker, of Baltimore, in two rounds Friday evening, Nov. 3, at the Monumental Theatre, Baltimore, Md. I will match him against any man in the world at 122 pounds. Yours very truly, BILLY B. VAN, Manager "Mike" Tutts.

DEAR SIR—As the game season is in full blast it is a good time to have a quail eating contest for the championship. There can be as many entries as there are would-be competitors, ready to furnish their own birds and to pay \$5 entrance money each, so that a suitable medal can be provided for the champion, with small money prizes for the next best, in case the number of entries will justify it. I am ready to take part in such a contest and I am satisfied there are others. Yours truly, MYRON J. TWIG, Cohoes, N. Y.

DEAR SIR—I am ready to match my barmaid, Rose Smith, against any other woman bartender for the championship in making mixed drinks for \$100 a side, each one to furnish her own material for the drinks, any reliable man to be the judge, English professional barmaids barred. Yours truly, PETER MCSWEENEY, All Gold House, Smoky Hollow Glen, Mont.

DEAR SIR—I noticed in this week's POLICE GAZETTE that J. H. Centonni, of Bloomfield, Newark, N. J., would meet any lad at 80 pounds. I, B. Ewing, will put "Kid" Lemain, of New York, against Mr. Centonni for any amount at 85 or 90 pounds, and if Mr. Centonni will not fight the "Kid" the match is open to any 85-pound lad in the world.

Yours truly, B. EWING, Manager, 538 Hudson Street, New York.

DEAR SIR—I am possessor of a trained frog that I consider the equal of Mark Twain's famous jumping frog. I will match my frog to outjump any frog that can be found; best two out of three jumps. Man, frog and money ready at any time. Yours, PETE YOUNG, North Star, O.

SIR—You ought to recognize the fact that there is sporting blood among the farmers, as your paper has a wide circulation in the small towns and villages as well as the large cities throughout the country. We may not be scientific boxers or wrestlers, but there is certain work on farms that gives a clever man a chance to show his supremacy. Ploughing matches are held occasionally, but I propose to have a threshing tournament this winter in this section of our State, that will bring to the front the champion handler of the flail. Each contestant to wield the flail ten hours continuously, the result to be judged by the amount of grain each man threshes out. A "Police Gazette" medal for this purpose would make a big hit. Yours truly, ARTHUR SIMPSON, Orangetown, Rockland County, N. Y.

YOUNG CRIB BEATS SAPHO.

Match Made Through the Challenge Column of the "Police Gazette."

HARTFORD, Nov. 7, 1899.

I write to let you know that we got a match through the challenge published in your paper. We fought Sappho, of Holyoke, 35½ pounds to weight, "Police Gazette" rules, scratch and turn fight, for \$500 a side on Nov. 3. Young Crib weighed 35½ pounds; Sappho 36½. D. J. Lucy, backer of Young Crib, agreed to let his dog fight Sappho, giving away one pound. He tossed to see which dog would wash first. Lucy won tons. Sappho was handled by Cary and McIsaac of Holyoke, and Young Crib by P. Benjamin and John Rodgers of Hartford.

After 1 hour and 47 minutes of fighting each dog scratched once. When it came Sappho's turn to scratch he refused, and the referee gave the fight to Young Crib. Seven on a side were permitted to see the fight. Young Crib forced the fighting throughout. Seven men on Crib's side bet the Holyoke sports to a standstill. The fight took place on the Connecticut and Massachusetts State line.

Thanking you very much for publishing challenge I remain, Yours, D. J. LUCY, Manager Empire A. C. and owner Young Crib.

COMEDY AND TRAGEDY

"THE FATE OF A LIBERTINE." By Emile Zola, with 98 original and piquant illustrations. Sent by mail, securely wrapped, to any address, on receipt of price, 25 cents. Address RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.

BARTENDERS ARE REQUESTED to CONTRIBUTE PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS to THIS PAPER

PICTURES TAKEN OF THE FIGHT ARE A GREAT SUCCESS

Everything Reproduced Exactly as it
Occurred at Coney Island.

The limit of possibility in the photographic reproduction of moving objects seems to have been reached by the American Mutoscope and Biograph Company in its marvelous pictures of the recent fight between "Jim" Jeffries and "Tom" Sharkey at Coney Island. Nothing like the exhibition witnessed by the POLICE GAZETTE representative was ever seen before, and Arthur E. Johnstone, Wallace McCutchen and F. J. Marion, who devised and perfected the details for an accurate reproduction of the battle are to be congratulated upon the marvelous result which was attained. Over 200,000 separate and distinct pictures were taken on a film seven and a half miles long, during 122 minutes, beginning with a short period preceding the fight, as the men entered the ring, and the few minutes that intervened between the time Referee Siler awarded the honors to Jeffries and the fighters leaving the roped enclosure. Every action which transpired during the interval referred to is reproduced with marvelous exactness. Not a single incident of the fight was lost, and the spectators who witness it will have every reason to enjoy the battle quite as much as those who were actually at the ringside and paid all the way from \$5 to \$35 for the privilege of being there.

When the POLICE GAZETTE's representative witnessed the marvelous picturing of the fight, a nine-foot screen was used, owing to the confined space of the exhibition room, but in the public display a twenty-foot screen will be utilized and the figures of the fighters, referee, seconds and spectators will be shown larger than life size. The faces of the people sitting in close proximity to the ring are shown plainly and distinctly, and during the private exhibition the other day the writer had no difficulty in picking out the portraits of "Bob" Hilliard, the actor; Frank McKee, manager of the Garrick Theatre; "Al" Powell, "Markie" Mayer, a well-known man about town; George Considine, manager of the Broadway Athletic Club; Assemblyman "Tim" Sullivan, "Marty" Towle, who represents the Londonderry Lithia concern; former Sheriff Butting of Brooklyn, Seymour Butler, of Pinkerton's detective force; "Jim" Villaplane, the famous race track caterer; "T.ddy" Foley, who is known to every racing man in the country; John Considine, Corbett's partner and proprietor of McIntyre and Heath's vaudeville combination, and "Sam" Martin, of "Martin's on Broadway." The identity of a mysterious individual occupying a seat near the left hand corner of the ring, who leaned pensively on his hand and never changed his position, or the bias look upon his face during the whole time the fight lasted, caused no end of discussion among the assembled sports until the POLICE GAZETTE representative came along and instantly identified him as Captain Blackburn, a pioneer Californian and the present Sergeant-at-Arms to the California State Legislature.

Among those who witnessed the exhibition in addition to the newspaper men was "Tom" Sharkey. Jeffries did not put in an appearance. Sharkey was of course the most interested of those present. It was interesting to watch the ex-man-o'-warman as he watched the pictures. As the fight progressed on the screen in front of him his face showed his changing emotions. He was pleased, bewildered, angry and disgusted with himself at times. His face twitched and body moved as the figures came together on the screen or punched each other. When he saw where he had missed an opportunity his teeth would come together with a click, or when he saw himself landing a good punch he would smile grimly. When Jeffries leaned on him with all his weight in a clinch the sailor's arm would involuntarily come up in a vicious attempt to shove him off.

The rounds shown were all in favor of Sharkey, and naturally the sailor was very well pleased with them. "They are perfect," said Sharkey. "It was a good fight at that, and the people will like to look at it. It's the first time I ever saw myself fight, and I'm glad to see how well I do it. I'll leave it to the public to decide who did the fighting. I think I'll study my own methods when the pictures get to going regular. I can watch myself and not be ashamed."

"Tom" O'Rourke said: "The pictures are flawless. I am entirely satisfied. They could not be better, and I'm willing to leave Tom's case to the public. As he says the pictures don't lie. No fake can live a minute after the splendid perfection of these."

W. A. Brady said: "The pictures are marvelous. They are quite as good as the fight itself. Jeffries shows to great advantage. They show a clean, scientific bout on his part resulting in a brilliant victory. I am satisfied with the pictures."

The pictures shown on this and pages 10 and 11 are reproduced from enlargements made by the Biograph Company specially for the POLICE GAZETTE, and are fair samples of the rest of the films.

The fight as projected on the screen is perfect—or as near perfect as the photographer's science can make it. There are none of the shadows or annoying flutterings noticeable in the other pictures that have been shown of fights, and the blinding glare which detracted from the enjoyment of witnessing the reproduction of the Corbett-Fitzsimmons fight has been entirely eliminated, and it is possible to sit through the entire twenty-five rounds without feeling any annoyance through an undue strain upon the eyes.

MEN YOU ALL KNOW

Our colored fighters from the time of Molineux to Peter Jackson. With numerous illustrations and portraits of all the prominent American and English colored pugilists. An interesting and valuable book. Sent by mail in any address on receipt of price, 25 cents. Address POLICE GAZETTE, Franklin Square, New York.

ASPIRING CHAMPIONS ADVANCE THEIR CLAIMS FOR A FIGHT WITH JEFFRIES

Corbett and Fitzsimmons Issue Early Challenges and Profess to
Believe That These Give Them Preference Over Sharkey.

SAILOR'S GREAT FIGHT ENTITLES HIM TO CONSIDERATION.

Sporting Men Do Not Believe Corbett Will Ever Fight Again and Fitzsimmons' Sincerity is Seriously Questioned—Letters Read Well.

An interesting conflict is waging now among the aspirants for heavyweight championship honors as to who is best entitled to the honor of fighting "Jim" Jeffries when that distinguished individual gets ready to engage in another championship battle. Challenges are as plentiful as leaves in Valambrosia, and it appears as if every big thumper in the business is anxious to get a crack at the present holder of the "Police Gazette" Diamond Belt. The latter is in a position now to pick and choose from among the number; but Corbett, Fitzsimmons and Sharkey loom up as the trio from which his next antagonist will be picked. Corbett claims the right of precedent in issuing his deft to the winner of the recent battle, and his challenge was duly qualified by \$1,000, posted by George Considine with the sporting editor of the POLICE GAZETTE. Martin Julian also claims that he is entitled to the first match because Brady told him at the time the Sharkey-Jeffries match was made that if Jeffries won he would fight Fitzsimmons before he fought anybody else. Julian's claim that Fitzsimmons has first call is not taken seriously. That is a pugilistic honor reserved for Sharkey. Jeffries knocked Fitzsimmons out in eleven rounds. Sharkey went the limit of twenty-five rounds with him, and was with him so much that many of the spectators of the mill thought he should have had the decision, or at the worst a draw.

Corbett may be serious in his desire to fight Jeffries, and he may not. That is for the future to determine.



Copyright, 1899, by the American Mutoscope and Biograph Co.

AFTER THE FIGHT.

Scene in the Ring just after Jeffries had Shaken Hands with Sharkey.

The fact is, however, that sporting men about New York have an impression that "Jim" Corbett has fought his last fight with a man of first class. He has a good liquor business here in New York, and as an actor is gaining some fame.

With Sharkey it is different. He has legitimate claims which nobody can deny. The fight which he recently gave Jeffries, no matter what anybody may think of the decision, makes him the legitimate opponent of the champion when he again decides to defend his title in the ring. That is the way sporting men view the question.

The respective claims of Corbett and Fitzsimmons are set forth in the following communications:

JAMES J. JEFFRIES, Champion Heavyweight of the World—Dear Sir: Previous to your contest with Thomas Sharkey your manager, Mr. William A. Brady, assured me that when you next defended your title in the ring I should be your opponent. Subsequent to your victory over Sharkey, Mr. Brady on several occasions, and once in your presence, announced that your next engagement in the ring would be with me. Relying implicitly on these solemn assurances by your manager, made in the presence of witnesses, I assumed that a match between you and myself was practically assured.

In order, therefore, to bring the question to a focus, and remove all doubt as to my position in the matter, my manager, George F. Considine, has this day posted \$5,000 with "Al" Smith, at the Gilsey House, this sum to bind a match, and also to stand as a wager in any form you may see fit to designate.

Providing you or your manager covers said money I will meet you Friday, Nov. 17, at 3 P. M. and sign articles. In making this direct and definite proposition, the acceptance or refusal of which will show plainly your attitude, permit me to say that I am actuated solely by a desire to advance my interests in my business as a boxer, and have no personal bias.

It has been stated by your admirers that I would prove an easy victim to your skill and strength. If that is so, then the money and that of my friends, as well as the purse, is at your mercy. That alone should be incentive enough for you to clinch the match.

At the same time, I think I may, without the slightest trace of egotism, express my opinion that a big, clever man will make more headway against you than any other. Trusting you will accept this proposition, I am, very sincerely,
JAMES J. CORBETT.

TO THE SPORTING EDITOR—Bob Fitzsimmons is the one and only legitimate opponent of James J. Jeffries in the ring at the present time, and I have today deposited the sum of two thousand five hundred (\$2,500) dollars to bind a match. On past performances, Fitzsimmons' claim to a return match cannot be denied.

True, Jeffries has beaten him; but even the friends of the present champion, as well as those of Mr. Fitzsimmons, are a unit in declaring that Mr. Fitzsimmons, who lost the laurels, was not in the form which I had hitherto made him invincible.

In view of the fact that the sporting public demands a return match, and of the splendid record of Fitzsimmons, which has but one legitimate defeat entered in its long and glorious roll of great ring battles since his arrival in America, it is only fairness to give him the opportunity to wipe out that solitary reverse which was scored against him at a time when he was not in proper form to defend the title.

In all of Jeffries' interviews he has repeatedly stated that he would always stand prepared to meet all comers. Now, if he is sincere in making these statements, what reason can he or his manager give for doing their best to avoid a second meeting with Fitzsimmons? I will leave my money up for two weeks, and if by the end of that time it has not been covered by Messrs. Jeffries and Brady and a match made, I am satisfied to leave it to the public to decide who is afraid, and whether the present champion is a weakling who fears to defend his luckily acquired title, or will come out man fashion and agree to fight the greatest fighter that ever lived, and the next—and for the second time—heavyweight champion.

Yours very truly,
MARTIN JULIAN.

SENSATIONAL AND INTERESTING NEWS OF THE DAY

Crime and Death Hand in Hand
Looking for Victims.

A well-known woman of Aurora, Ill., was arrested in that town the other night charged with the murder of her mother-in-law by pouring acid down her back. She was taken by Sheriff Gohman to Wheaton, where the preliminary hearing will take place.

Walter Mitchell, who was confined in the jail at Leavenworth Kan., under an indictment for murder, committed suicide the other morning by hanging. The night after he was looked up serenaders gathered at the jail to congratulate the sheriff on his re-election, and Mitchell thought it was a mob come to lynch him. This is supposed to have brought on the suicide.

Mitchell was brought from the Kansas Penitentiary, where he was serving a sentence for larceny. Two months ago he killed a fellow-convict, Joseph Reynolds, by striking him on the head with an iron bar.

As the result of a shooting affray at Sellers, S. C., five citizens of that town are lying wounded in their respective homes. The trouble arose out of an argument over the dispensary system and broke out after a caucus of the leading men of the town had been held. Both guns and revolvers were used and for about twenty minutes there was the hottest kind of a time in the old town.

The fire was kept up till the ammunition was exhausted, more than thirty shots being exchanged. Five doctors are attending the wounded men, the condition of both the Sellerses being critical.

A freight train on the Norfolk and Western Railroad at Crooked Run, Warren county, Va., jumped the track the other afternoon and ran a long distance on the cross-ties. The engineer and fireman jumped and escaped. Ten cars were thrown down a steep embankment; two brakemen and a tramp were killed, one of the brakemen being beheaded. Wilbur Cary of Riverton, another employee, was hurt mortally. The accident occurred where a Pullman train with New England tourists was wrecked two years ago.

The Mexicans are still enjoying themselves with bull fights. A particularly fierce one was pulled off at Dins, just over the Texas line, recently, which was witnessed by a party of Mexicans. There were two bull fighters on horseback and five on foot in the ring, and during the first combat two of the men were badly injured by the infuriated bull. The usual way of piercing the animal with a sword failed, and then the audience was treated to the harrowing sight of seeing a dozen men come out with sledge hammers and beat the head of the bull until he was dead.

There is a kisser at large in Wilkesburg, Pa., and the girls who do not care to be embraced by a strange man are warned to either stay at home nights or go out only in the company of an escort who can box. The last adventure of the osculator was when he attacked a stylish young woman at the corner of Holmes and Pitt streets. She noticed he was well dressed and passed on. When at a dark and lonely spot the girl was greatly alarmed to find the fellow by her side. He doffed his hat and bade the young lady a pleasant "Good evening," but having no acquaintance with the individual, the girl did not recognize the salutation, and attempted to pass on. As she did so the fellow quickly grabbed her in his arms and before the girl was able to give an alarm or call for help he had planted a kiss on her pretty red cheek. In a jiffy he released his hold on the young lady and hastily retraced his steps down the street, becoming lost in the darkness before any assistance could be obtained.

"Joe" Endress, a railroad man, shot, at Paducah, Ky., the other night, Dora Shire, and went away as she was dying. Fifteen minutes later he returned, and seeing she was still alive, he fired two more shots in her body, killing her instantly. He again escaped, but returned two hours later, appearing suddenly beside the body of the girl, several other people being in the room. Before any one could interpose Endress shot himself in the temple and fell lifeless across the body of the girl. Miss Shire was a member of a prominent family.

George Kern, a saloonkeeper of Allentown, Pa., shot and killed his wife, from whom he had been separated about three months, because of his jealousy.

Mrs. Kern was employed in the Allentown Hospital as cook, and boarded in South Allentown. On her way to and from work she had to pass her husband's saloon. The morning of the crime she took a trolley car to go to the hospital. Her husband saw her as she was passing the saloon and stopped the car, dragged her off and pushed her into the house. As the two got inside the door Kern drew a .38-caliber revolver and shot the woman over the left eye, the ball passing through her brain. He then shot himself over the right eye, the ball penetrating the brain. Both died instantly. They were about 35 years old.

THEY HATED THE MINE BOSSES.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The women of Scranton, Pa., who sympathize with the strikers at the Old Forge, made a demonstration early the other morning by burning both the mine bosses in effigy. They had a great time and were cheered as they danced about the blazing pile.

The deputy sheriffs made no attempt to stop them as they are openly friendly, and some of the women, who have offered to kiss them if they will give up their badges, are boasting of their victory.

Noted Sporting Men's Pictures

FREE—Elegant half-tone reproductions. Sharkey, Maher, McCoy, Jackson, Dixon, Fitzsimmons, Corbett, etc., given away with POLICE GAZETTE. Next week—"SPINDLE" KELLEY, San Francisco. Be sure you get it. For sale by all newsdealers.



BLONDE BEAUTY SCATTERED COIN.

NEWSBOYS OF DETROIT, MICH., HAVE A SCRAMBLE FOR THE SMALL CHANGE OF A WOMAN WHOM WINE HAD MADE EXTRAVAGANTLY LIBERAL.



FIRST WOMAN SHAVED IN ST. LOUIS.

THE NOVEL AND UNUSUAL SIGHT ATTRACTS A CURIOUS CROWD AT A WELL-KNOWN BARBER SHOP.



TRAIN KILLED THE FIGHTERS.

THEY WERE BATTLING FOR A GIRL'S LOVE AT ENTERPRISE, PA., AND DEATH WAS THE REFEREE.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS' COLUMN

IS THE MOST RELIABLE MEDIUM FOR

DISSEMINATING INFORMATION

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SPLENDIDLY EQUIPPED WISDOM BUREAU AT YOUR DISPOSAL

We Cheerfully Furnish Replies to Our Readers---No Reflection Upon Your Intelligence to Ask Questions---We Like to Hear From You.

M. W., New York.—You want too much.
 READER, Coyne, Pa.—See answer in this column.
 READER, Worcester, Mass.—See answer in this column.
 O. S., Brooklyn.—Have a globe made at any turner's shop.
 F. C. E., Sellers Falls, Va.—See answer to R. O'S., Hoboken.
 Farmer City, Ill.—Referee's decision gives the money to H.
 SPORT, Lawrence, Mass.—Send 10 cents for "Police Gazette Annual."
 J. D., Kingston, N. Y.—Matter of opinion. See J. A. H., Chicago, Ill.
 J. H. FARMER, Hartington, Neb.—Referee's decision is final. Nelson wins.
 READER, New York.—Is "Spiky" Sullivan champion at his weight?.....No.
 E. R., Bennett, Pa.—What is the birthplace of James Jeffries?.....Born in Ohio.
 How many times did McCoy knock Sharkey down in their fight?.....Twice.
 L. C. B., Pittsburgh, Pa.—Did Corbett get the decision over Sharkey?.....No.
 F. O., West Hoboken, N. J.—Did Austin Gibbons and Sharkey ever fight?.....No.
 J. G. B., New York.—Your question has been answered. He offered it to Maher.
 W. J. L., St. Louis, Mo.—Who is the heavyweight champion of the world?.....Jeffries.
 L. H., Louisville, Ky.—What constitutes a scratch in a dog fight?.....Dog refusing to fight.
 R. T., Chicago, Ill.—What rules did Sullivan and Kilrain fight under?.....London Prize Ring.
 H. A. B., Norfolk, Va.—Sullivan and Kilrain only fought once. Richmond, Mass., July 8, 1890.
 Arlington, N. J.—Write to Secretary of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., for statistics.
 A. B., Brooklyn.—A bet B that John L. Sullivan never was champion of the world?.....A wins.
 L. N., Muscatine, Ia.—Who had the best of the Ryan and McCoy fight when the police interfered?.....About even.
 READER.—Who drew first blood in the Jeffries-Sharkey fight?.....Jeffries' mouth bled in the fifth round.
 H. W., Newark, N. J.—Let me know how to get the rules that govern pool?.....From the makers of your table.
 J. U., Chicago, Ill.—How long has George Dixon held the featherweight championship?.....About ten years.
 F. A. O., Lowell.—Did Martin Flaherty get the purse or "Tim" Kearns in their last fight?.....Kearns got the money.
 Brooklyn, N. Y.—F says that George Siler was born and brought up in the West?.....He is a New Yorker by birth.
 O. E. B., New York.—Give me George McFadden's record..... Next edition of the "Police Gazette Annual" will contain it.
 A. T. M., Watertown, N. Y.—I have a wager on the number of rounds that Corbett and Jackson fought?.....Sixty-one rounds.
 F. B., Placetas Barracks, Cuba.—What is the address of Mr. William F. Cody?.....Headquarters, Bridgeport Conn.
 S. F., Providence, R. I.—If A bets B that Sharkey whips Jeffries and they should fight to a draw would B win?.....B would win.
 A bets B that Fitzsimmons was the heavyweight champion of the world; B says he was not. Who wins?.....A wins. He was.
 G. W. H., New Albany, Ind.—I made a bet that Jeffries would win his fight with Sharkey. If the fight is a draw do I lose?..... Yes.
 W. B. C., Milwaukee, Wis.—The Sullivan-Ryan fight took place Feb. 7, 1892, at Mississippi City, Miss. Sullivan won in nine rounds.
 BORSA, Stillwater, N. Y.—If a man is helpless and on the floor when ten is counted, if he is conscious is he knocked out?.....No; counted out.
 E. D., Evansville, Ind.—Was John L. Sullivan ever matched to fight a negro?.....He was matched to fight Geo. Godfrey, but they never fought.
 F. P. B., Chester, Pa.—In the fight of George Dixon and "Cal" McCarthy, how many rounds were there each time?.....70 and 22 respectively.
 READER, Brooklyn, N. Y.—Was there any preliminary bout at the late Jeffries and Sharkey fight?....."Tony" Moran defeated "Kid" Goulette.
 W. B. St. Paul.—"Jem" Smith divided international honors with Kilrain. Sullivan never defeated Smith, and failed to beat Mitchell in France.
 A., Paterson.—How many times has "Eddie" Hantry fought George Dixon, and what were the decisions?.....Twice; Dixon won, and second time a draw.
 J. A. K., Louisville, Ky.—Who has the management of Jeffries and Sharkey pictures?.....American Mutoscope and Biograph Company, 841 Broadway.
 J. K., Chicago.—What did Fitzsimmons weigh at the time he fought Jeffries for the championship of the world?.....About 170. No weights were taken, however.
 K. A., New York.—A says that when a man hits after the gong sounds for rest it is counted a fair blow; B says that it is a foul blow?.....Usually an accident.
 T. F. B., Chicago.—What is "Jack" O'Brien's parentage and his right name?.....Father Irish and mother French Canadian. "Jack" O'Brien is his right name.
 D. B., Virginia City, Nev.—The question has been explained in this column at least fifty times during the past year. Read answer to Providence, R. I., correspondent.
 T. B. N., Bannister, Mich.—Would it be considered a foul when Sharkey pulled Jeffries' glove?.....No. Jeffries' glove should have been fastened so that it could not be pulled off.
 T. F. W., Manila, P. I.—Can a person break a pair when opening a jackpot? Does a person ordering his partner up in a game of euchre have to play his hand alone?.....I. Yes. 2. Yes.
 X. Y. Z., Hannibal, Mo.—A bets B that a certain fight will not last eight rounds; the fight is decided at 2 minutes and 8 seconds of the eighth round. Who wins?.....A wins by 52 seconds.
 J. S. D., Brooklyn.—Do you intend publishing supplements of Young Griffe and "Cal" McCarthy? Are "Mike" and "Joe" Coburn, pugilists, still living?.....1. No. 2. "Mike" is. "Joe" is dead.
 D. J. G., Cleveland, O.—If A had ace, king, queen, jack and ten of hearts, and B had ace, king, queen, jack and ten of either spades, clubs or diamonds, who would win? which suit has preference? In playing draw poker, A puts up an ace; B passes, also C, and D

plays. Can B and C come in and draw cards? In playing seven-up, if game ties who is entitled to it?.....1. Suits are all of equal value. Pot would be divided. 2. No. 3. Non-dealer.
 J. M., Chicago.—M C bet J M that Sharkey had the majority of the rounds with Jeffries. Who wins?.....The general consensus of opinion is that Sharkey had the better of the greater number of rounds.
 J. A. H., Chicago, Ill.—Which is the cleverest boxer in the world to-day, barring nobody or weight?.....Question of opinion. The writer thinks Corbett is. Others favor McCoy, and others say Young Griffe.
 D. D., Hartford.—Tell me the lightest weight that "Jack" Dempsey ever fought at and if he ever was lightweight champion?..... He fought as a lightweight at the outset of his career but was not the champion.
 W. W. B., New York.—In the POLICE GAZETTE of Nov. 11 (No. 1160) there was a picture of a greyhound called "Royal Flush," and owned by F. A. McComb. Will you give Mr. McComb's address?.....Will Mr. McComb please answer.
 Gus, North Baltimore, O.—A bets G that Corbett knocked Sullivan out; G bets A he won from Sullivan but did not knock him out?.....G wins. Sullivan was not knocked out. He was exhausted and unable to respond to the call of time.
 J. C., Bloomington, Md.—What constitutes the difference between a knockout and being counted out?.....Knock-out man is insensible. Counted out he is conscious but unable from exhaustion or pain to get up within the prescribed ten seconds.
 J. M. C., New York.—Which was the greatest fight for punishment between heavyweights? Must a champion be knocked out to lose the title, or can he lose by a decision?.....1. Maher and Rahlin. 2. According to recent rulings he can lose on a decision.
 T. W. J., Farmer City, Ill.—A bets that Jeffries will whip Sharkey and B bets he won't; the fight goes the limit and Jeffries gets the decision on points. Who wins?.....Decision is equivalent to whipping so far as deciding the money is concerned. A wins.
 E. K., Abington, Mass.—Was James Corbett ever champion of the world, and if not who was champion of the world before Fitzsimmons? If Admiral Dewey is married in the Catholic faith can he ever be President of the United States?.....1. "Jem" Maco. 2. Yes.
 F. J. H., Milwaukee, Wis.—When Fitzsimmons and Maher met the first time, how many rounds and who got the decision, and the second fight they had, how many rounds?.....March 2, 1892. "Fitz" won in twelve rounds; Feb. 21, 1896, "Fitz" won in one round.
 G. W. K., Bermdji, Minn.—H bets that Fitzsimmons put "Jim" Hall out in the fourth round of their fight. B takes the bet. Who wins?.....H wins. In the New Orleans fight, four rounds. B is probably trying to spring a catch bet, based on the fight in Australia.
 W. Q., Brooklyn.—What salary does Queen Victoria receive a year? How can you get good wind? How many inches in a hand?.....1. Her income from the crown is private. 2. Train to improve it by walking, running and other exercises. 3. Four inches.
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GARDNER WON

SECOND FIGHT ON POINTS

FROM HAMILTON

Oscar's Right Hand Badly Injured Early in the Battle.

TWENTY-FIVE HARD ROUNDS

Troy Man Brought Gardner to His Knees With a Punch On the Ear.

Several weeks ago "Jack" Hamilton of Troy, N. Y., won a decision in twenty-five rounds from Oscar Gardner, the celebrated "Omaha Kid." On last Tuesday night they fought again at the Broadway Athletic Club and Gardner was awarded the decision on points after a stiff engagement during the latter part of which Gardner's right hand was incapacitated from delivering punishment, or being used effectively for guarding or countering. He did great execution, however, with his marvelous left hand and really outpointed the Troy man without having recourse to his injured right. The lads agreed to fight twenty-five rounds at 124 pounds and Gardner ruled the favorite in the betting at 100 to 80.

The opening round was marked by fast and clever exchanges. Gardner used his left jab fashion, while Hamilton scored effectively with right and left. There was a big red lump under Gardner's left eye when the round closed. The fighting in the second and third rounds was full of glister, the boys smashing each other in energetic style. Hamilton's blows seemed to be the more effective. Gardner's legs were shaky, and odds of 5 to 4 were offered that the Trojan would get the winner's share of the purse. Honors were easy in the fourth round. Gardner reached the body with effect, while Hamilton scored often on his opponent. It was hard fighting, and kept the crowd in good humor.

Hamilton forced the fighting in the fifth round and outpointed the "Kid." He landed hard and often on the face and body, but by no means escaped punishment himself. Gardner made a fine impression in the sixth round. He cut out the pace, and using his left with good effect had all the better of the round. Gardner was all over his adversary in the eighth round, but toward the close Hamilton was very much in evidence. He staggered the "Kid" twice with lefts and rights on the jaw and had Gardner thinking hard when the bell rang.

Hamilton's work showed improvement in the eleventh round, but Gardner outpointed him and had "Jack" weary when the bell rang. The Trojan braced up wonderfully in the thirteenth round, and forcing the fighting soon sent Gardner to the boards with the aid of a left swing and shore. It was "Jack's" round, as were the next four. Gardner showed much of his old-time cleverness in the eighteenth round and met Hamilton's rushes with left jabs. He landed the cleanest blows and outpointed Hamilton.

The best blow landed in the nineteenth round was credited to Hamilton. It was a right on the ear, and brought Oscar to his knees. Hamilton was all over his man in the twentieth round, and several times made Gardner's head rock with swinging rights. Gardner showed considerable improvement in the twenty-first round and carried off the honors. Hamilton forced the fight in the twenty-third round and had Oscar weary when the bell rang. The twenty-fourth round was a repetition of the preceding one. The twenty-fifth and final round was full of hard fighting, with little to choose between them. The referee, "Johnny" White, declared the bout in favor of Gardner on points.

"Kid" Thomas, of this city, and "Young" Walcott, of Boston, a brother of "Joe" Walcott, met in the opening bout. They were scheduled to box twelve rounds at 130 pounds. Thomas knocked out his opponent after 3 minutes 57 seconds of fighting in the sixth round.

WAS THIS FIGHT ON THE LEVEL?

Spectators Not Satisfied That Ziegler Was Defeated on His Merits.

It is a long time since a boxing bout was held in Greater New York which wore the fairest suspicion of not having been decided strictly upon its merits or in which one of the participants could be accused of not trying to win, but the majority of the spectators who witnessed the bout between "Charley" Burns, of Cincinnati, and Owen Ziegler at the Hercules Athletic Club on Nov. 18, left the arena with anything but a feeling of satisfaction that Ziegler was beaten on his merits. It was the second time they had fought and it was recalled that the first battle was a terrific affair in which Ziegler practically knocked Burns out. Ziegler on the second occasion, however, didn't fight as if he was trying to win, and when he chose to go down in the fifth round to all intents and purposes knocked out, it was obvious to the spectators that his defeat was not real and that he had quit in the most barefaced manner.

The incidents leading up to the finale were suspicious enough to arouse distrust, and it was noticed that only a few wise individuals who are in the inner circle of the pugilistic game were betting against Ziegler at ridiculous odds while the fighter was going around proclaiming he was all right barring a slight injury to one of his hands and that he would win.

Another incident connected with the fight which made it look very suspicious was the fact that several people sitting in boxes near the ring side offered to wager \$300 to \$100 in the second round that the battle would not last six rounds and that Ziegler would lose. At that period of the contest Ziegler had somewhat the better of the fighting, and was landing hard and often on Burns' face and jaw.

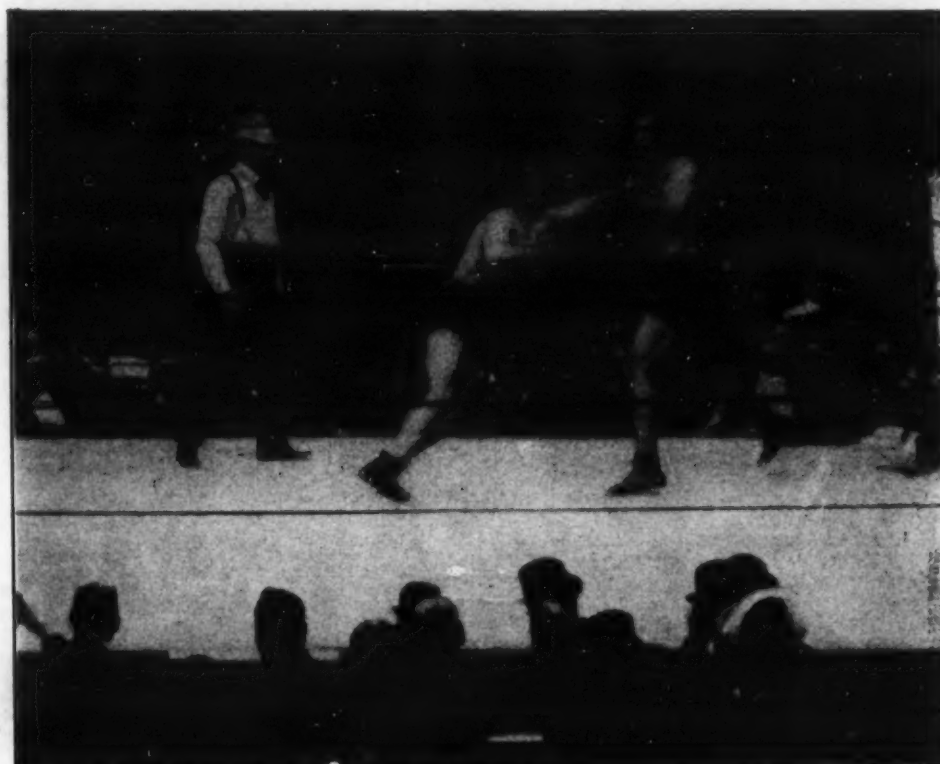
In the fifth round Burns landed the lightest kind of a blow on the Philadelphia's jaw, from which he went to the floor. The blow looked as if it didn't have enough steam in it to break a pane of glass, for as soon as Ziegler fell to the canvas he began to roll around the floor and finally got up after the referee had counted nine seconds. Then he rushed at Burns and dealt that individual a hard swing on the jaw and was countered with a left and right on his jaw which again made Owen seek the floor.

It is doubtful if any one of the few thousand spectators present would have ever suspected anything wrong if it were not for the dramatic way in which Ziegler tried to regain his feet.

After getting partly up on his feet he would drop back to the floor again, and, although the referee wasted considerable time in counting, he squirmed around the floor and finally reached the ropes, where he pulled himself up just as the referee had counted nine. Ziegler then made another rush at Burns and dealt him a vicious right-hand swing on the face, a blow which no fighter could have delivered with such force if he were really in as weak a condition as Ziegler pretended he was.

Burns then forced Ziegler to the ropes, where he landed a light left on his jaw and then drove his right into his stomach, Ziegler dropping flat on his back on the floor, and turning around on his stomach with his face down, where he lay until the referee counted him out. Ziegler, after having been declared knocked out, got up on his feet and walked to his corner, from where he departed a few minutes later, unassisted and in as strong condition as he was when he entered the ring.

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STRAIGHT LEFT REACHES JEFFRIES' CHIN.

One of the Pictures taken during the Second Round of the Big Fight.

van out; G bets A he won from Sullivan but did not knock him out?.....G wins. Sullivan was not knocked out. He was exhausted and unable to respond to the call of time.
 J. C., Bloomington, Md.—What constitutes the difference between a knockout and being counted out?.....Knock-out man is insensible. Counted out he is conscious but unable from exhaustion or pain to get up within the prescribed ten seconds.
 J. M. C., New York.—Which was the greatest fight for punishment between heavyweights? Must a champion be knocked out to lose the title, or can he lose by a decision?.....1. Maher and Rahlin. 2. According to recent rulings he can lose on a decision.
 T. W. J., Farmer City, Ill.—A bets that Jeffries will whip Sharkey and B bets he won't; the fight goes the limit and Jeffries gets the decision on points. Who wins?.....Decision is equivalent to whipping so far as deciding the money is concerned. A wins.
 E. K., Abington, Mass.—Was James Corbett ever champion of the world, and if not who was champion of the world before Fitzsimmons? If Admiral Dewey is married in the Catholic faith can he ever be President of the United States?.....1. "Jem" Maco. 2. Yes.
 F. J. H., Milwaukee, Wis.—When Fitzsimmons and Maher met the first time, how many rounds and who got the decision, and the second fight they had, how many rounds?.....March 2, 1892. "Fitz" won in twelve rounds; Feb. 21, 1896, "Fitz" won in one round.
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 A. M. A., St. Paul, Minn.—Why do you always say "keep away from fighting; don't be a pugilist; turn to something else?" What is

the reason? Have you supplements of any bag punchers besides Miss Gordon? Has not Peter Jackson the longest reach? Who is the world's champion bag puncher? Have you a list of names of men of note that can be framed for a club room?.....1. Success comes to few; failure to many. 2. No. 3. No. 4. In dispute. 5. POLICE GAZETTE supplements.

J. B., Paterson, N. J.—Regarding the Sullivan-Mitchell fight in France, the argument was that Mitchell was the better man of the two and that Sullivan or his party wanted to make it a draw?..... Sullivan and Mitchell agreed by mutual consent to stop fighting. It is said that the request was made by the Sullivan party.

KEARNS HAD A TOUGH FIGHT.

"Tim" Kearns had a lively time at the Greenwood Club of Brooklyn, N. Y., on Nov. 11, before he finally succeeded in knocking out "Billy" Ernst, the "Bushwick Dutchman," in the sixth round. Otto Sileoff, of Chicago, was to have met Kearns, but sickness prevented him, and Ernst was put on in his stead at short notice. The latter was out of condition and weighed fully twenty pounds heavier than his opponent, and many bets were made that he would not last three of the twenty rounds—the scheduled number for the bout. Kearns hammered his man right and left from the start, and in the second round he sent a corker on Ernst's jaw that felled him. In the third, fourth and fifth rounds Ernst presented a pitiable sight, but he took his punishment without wincing. He was finally put to sleep with a left hook on the jaw in the sixth round.

ERNE AND O'BRIEN MATCHED.

The arrangements for a match between Frank Erne, of Buffalo, and "Jack" O'Brien, of New York, for a \$5,000 purse and the lightweight championship of the world are practically arranged at last and will come off under the auspices of the Coney Island Sporting Club on Dec. 4.

W. A. Brady, who seems to run things down Coney Island way, on remembering that Nov. 30 is Thanksgiving night, decided that there were too many domestic events going on to permit even this championship battle to be the desired financial success.

So he suggested to the managers of the men, "Bob" Smith and John J. Dougherty, that the club preferred to put the date off for a few days. This suited Smith, as Erne is glad to have the extra time.

The men meet at 133 pounds, at the ringside, the honest, old lightweight limit. The winner will be the real thing champion.

DRIVE DULL CARE AWAY

FOX'S SENSATIONAL SERIES will do the trick. Brightest, spiciest and handsomest Illustrated Novels on the market. "A FATAL SIN" is a dandy! Buy it. Read it, and you will want the whole series. Price by mail, 25 cents each. RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York.

IF YOU DON'T GET THE POLICE GAZETTE YOU DON'T GET ALL THE SPORTING NEWS

JOHN L. SULLIVAN ENDORSES

THE "POLICE GAZETTE'S" PLAN TO SETTLE

THE REFEREE CONTROVERSY

Championship Fights Should be Permitted to go on Until One or the Other Man is Decisively Beaten.

M'COY'S WISDOM SHOWN IN HIS OFFER TO TRAIN CORBETT

English Fighters Versus American Managers---Fatalities in the Ring and on the Football Field---Small Talk and Gossip.

The outcome of the late "quarrel" between Jeffries and Sharkey continues to be the theme of much earnest discussion in every sporting rendezvous, and the admirers of the ex-man-o'-warman have apparently not yet exhausted their reasons for believing that Referee Siler did him an injustice when he discriminated in Jeffries' favor in awarding him the honors. In my opinion everything has been said that can be said on the subject. Siler manfully adheres to his opinion that he gave the only decision he could consistently give after taking every detail and feature of the fight into consideration. He refuses to entertain the idea that there was even room for doubt and insists that the Californian won by a large enough margin to leave him no other alternative than to decide in his favor.

One cannot help admiring a man who sticks to his own opinion, even though ninety-nine other men disagree with him.

If Siler was so far wrong in his judgment then the only thing to do is find some remedy for the possible fault and provide a means to prevent its recurrence. My suggestion, made long ago and reiterated again last week in connection with the Jeffries-Sharkey affair, to invest the referee with the authority to order additional rounds until a decisive result is reached, has received the endorsement of that eminent fistic hero, John L. Sullivan.

Referring to the referee subject in conversation with me the other day he said:

"Fights are decided in the right way. There's no need to change. The proposed system of awarding a bout according to rounds amounts to nothing. A referee gives his verdict at the end of a round on the merits of the fight. What advantage is it to insist on a separate decision after each round? It may be a new-fangled idea, but unless something better than that is suggested fighters should remain satisfied with the referee's decision at the end of a battle. The present way of deciding fights is surely old enough to have shown its worthlessness before this if there is anything wrong with it. But in the old days when we fought in the woods it never occurred to us that the referee should give points after each round.

"Only one thing is needed for a fight. That is an honest referee. And from my observation the referees of the present day are honest as a rule. It is no easy matter to pass judgment on a fight. On that account few decisions are rendered that do not have some objections found with them.

"There should be no draws. There should be a winner in every fight. No matter how many rounds have been fought, or how even the men are, one or the other has shown enough advantage to prove his superiority. If that plan was followed out the scrapping would be more lively, as the uncertainty of the result would force both men to try for a knockout.

"If two men should be so evenly matched that a referee could not choose at the end of a certain number of rounds, the referee ought to ask them to continue until he is able to say whose fight it is."

Exactly so, my experience as an amateur and professional referee, extending over a period of more years than I care to admit, has demonstrated to me that the only way to avoid difficulty through "tight" decisions and give satisfaction to fighters and spectators alike, is to prolong a battle until one man is either decisively vanquished or so positively outpointed that no possible doubt exists regarding the ultimate result. Nobody could raise a question if the vanquished man was unable to respond to the call of time, neither could any fault be found with a referee who was humane enough to stop a fight when the superiority of one man was adequately demonstrated.

The subject is an interesting one and I shall be pleased to receive the views of POLICE GAZETTE readers.

When it comes down to a matter of intellect Mr. "Kid" McCoy has the fighting push "skinned to death," to use an expression which has found favor among the denizens of every tough locality in the country. Everybody has remarked his marvelous cleverness as a boxer, and many have wondered where and how he acquired such an incomparable knowledge of the fistic art. It is no secret that he has at one time or other been intimately associated with every boxer and fighter of prominence now before the public. When he was serving his novitiate, so to speak, he realized the advisability of learning his art from men who knew something instead of from the gold bricks masquerading throughout the country as boxing instructors. His plan was to attach himself in some humble capacity to the training retinue of some prominent fighter then in training. He utilized his powers of observation to advantage, noted what he could and learned as much as possible by boxing with his man whenever he could. He took many a hard punch and a knockout was a thing of frequent occurrence, but he stuck to the job and treasured up his knowledge for future reference. When he had learned all he could

from one individual he would pull up stakes and transfer his services to somebody else, and so he kept on going down the line, adding to his store of knowledge and perfecting himself in the scientific possibilities of his chosen vocation. I am reminded of McCoy's early struggles to obtain recognition by a rumor that he is to train "Jim" Corbett to fight Jeffries. I can see in this action of the ubiquitous "Kid" a tacit acknowledgment that Corbett knows something which McCoy doesn't and which the latter is eager to learn. I have heard of all sorts of possible gate receipts accruing from a bout between Corbett and McCoy, and such an affair is not even now beyond the realm of probability. Can it be that the "Kid" is thinking about the same thing and wants to have an ace "buried."

"Will" Curley, who was polished off so neatly by Dixon, doesn't intend to go home until he has had another chance to demonstrate his usefulness in the pugilistic world, and there is every likelihood of his being matched to fight "Terry" McGovern. If the



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SHARKEY USES HIS RIGHT.

An Incident which occurred in the Second Round of the Big Championship Fight.

match is made the latter may not knock Mr. Curley into a condition of coma and forgetfulness—like proportions of each—quite as soon as he drew a curial over "Pedlar" Palmer's thoughts, but he will whip Curley, and in fewer rounds and with more esprit de corps than ever Dixon did.

That may be a line on which to draw inferences for the coming match between McGovern and Dixon, and, too, it may not be.

McGovern doesn't hesitate to observe that he considers his match with Dixon to be the hardest that he has ever been called upon to fight.

"I don't know as I will win," said he. "It's not an easy job for any man to meet the best chap of his size who ever fought in the world, and I am not banking too strong, I hope, on success."

Dixon, by the way, will end his ring career with the McGovern fight. He has had a continuous round of fistic enjoyment for over ten years and deserves retirement on a pension. There is some talk of getting up a monster testimonial to the greatest ring fighter the world ever saw.

Little "Terry" McGovern, the other day, abstracted \$6,000 from his recent winnings and lingered in the borough of Brooklyn long enough to invest it in an accumulation of brick and mortar, which he intends to occupy as a home long after his fighting days are over. Nobody can deny that the little champion shows commendable sense and judgment in everything he does. Pity there are not a few more like him in the fighting game.

Harry Apfel died in the Norwegian Hospital of Brooklyn on Wednesday night, from an injury due to striking his chin on the stage when he fell in a boxing bout with "Jack" Fox at the Pelican Club a few nights previous.

Almost at the same time a football player named Allen, died in a hospital in St. Louis from injuries received in a game where there was much slugging, kicking and general rough play.

A dozen arrests were made in the Apfel case.

None were made in the other.

The subsequent outcome of the two cases will be interesting.

Football is play! Boxing a brutal sport!

So they say!

"Billy" Brady's fine Italian hand is observed these days in the manner in which the Coney Island Athletic Club is being conducted. While his partners, Martin Julian and Aleck Brown, were displaying their pin-headed ideas of club management and losing money on fights which were not worth the traditional thirty cents, Brady was in Europe. He is back again and the fact is brought forcibly to one's mind by the magnitude of the matches which he has arranged for early settlement at the clubhouse by the sea. Peter Maher and "Kid" McCoy will meet there in December in a twenty-five-round bout for a \$20,000 purse, and Frank Erne, of Buffalo, and "Jack" O'Brien will fight there on Dec. 4 for \$5,000 and the lightweight championship of the world. These figures are stupendous enough to stagger one. They effectually "staggered" Brady's weak-kneed partners out of the game, for both Julian and Brown declared they wanted none of it at the price and Brady was left to play a lone hand. He will make money on both fights.

While the referee question is being debated by the pugilistic wisecracks in every hamlet from the Golden Gate to the granite ribbed walls of Maine, it is with some satisfaction that we receive from so eminent an authority as "Parson" Davies an expression of opinion which is commendable from the great truths it speaks. He says:

"Apropos of recent discussion of so-called Marquis of Queensberry rules, there are two questions I would like to propound to American club managers. Why do you appoint, and probably pay, an official timekeeper? What are his duties under the present system of conducting ring contests? It seems to me that, as at present constituted, the functions of the official timekeeper are pure surplage, as the lawyers would say; yet the reverse is the case. Of all the officials gathered at the ringside the official timekeeper is unquestionably the most important. He and he alone

posted to his satisfaction in the hands of a personal representative in whom he had confidence. It was not enough for this pin-headed false-alarm, with the mental calibre of a squirt-gun, that "Billy" Brady, who brought him to this country, arranged his match with Dixon and attended to every important detail, agreed to be personally responsible for the money, and advised Curley in the most reassuring way that he would get the purse or whatever part he was entitled to after the fight. Curley, however, refused to be pin-cate 1, and absolutely refused to fight until his part of the money was handed over to "ees pal," and 4,000 people were kept waiting while his demands were satisfied. It is a source of satisfaction to say that there wasn't any more coming to him than the short end. Dixon "trimmed" him, and "trimmed" him good. He didn't show form enough to warrant any loss of sleep by our local managers in getting him to fight again, and his exacting demands will make him less popular than ever. Judging from Curley's actions one would think our sporting men were a lot of thugs, sandbaggers and highwaymen, banded together to do up a tu'penny 'a'penny English boxer. I wonder what the aristocratic nobles of the National Sporting Club of London would say if one of our fighters went over there and made a similar demand. Ten to one he'd be tossed off the roof and whirled away in a dump-cart before he came to his senses and realized that fighters ain't such a much after all.

There is just a bare possibility of Jeffries and Corbett being matched to fight some time next August. Negotiations are now pending, Brady evincing a disposition to favor the former champion's claims for a match, and arrangements for a meeting of the principals to fix up the details are being made as the POLICE GAZETTE goes to press. "Jeff" isn't trying to dodge any of the aspirants for his title, and in this particular there has never been a more accommodating champion, except John L. Sullivan. The latter was willing to fight all the time, but the candidates for eclipse were too few.

Jeffries has the same generous, broad-minded way of looking at matters. "You see," said he, "you might just as well accommodate these people and have it out one time as another. It's like making boilers. You don't finish up a plate and then lay off three weeks, but you keep at it until the tea kettle is finished.

"I'd fight these chaps, but Brady, who is the boss, says 'No.' 'Wait,' says he, and get into some kind of condition. Take a rest. Take it easy. There's just as much money in it." So I'm doing stunts on the stage and—well, it isn't what it's cracked up to be. It's all right enough, nice, quiet work and all that, but between you and me there is much more fun in boxing."

Indeed there must be when it comes in chunks of \$30,000.

SAM AUSTIN.

BERNSTEIN-SULLIVAN A DRAW.

Referee White Unable to Pick a Winner. Spectators Thought Sullivan the Stronger.

When "Joe" Bernstein and "Dave" Sullivan fought at the Broadway Athletic Club, New York, on Nov. 10, the spectators who were fortunate enough to be present witnessed what was beyond all question the most sensational fight between featherweights that ever was witnessed in this or any other country. It was the third time the lads had faced each other in the roped arena, and for the third time the referee was unable to decide on either one being the winner, so evenly were they matched. The majority of the spectators were inclined to favor Sullivan during the final rounds, but Referee White took Bernstein's aggressiveness and execution in the earlier rounds into consideration, and decided that honors were even. The fight was a fast one from the beginning to the end of the twenty-five rounds; both men were battered and terribly punished, and at various stages of the fight each was on the verge of being knocked out.

Bernstein began with forcing the issue in the opening rounds, his opponent keeping away as well as he could from vicious swings. There was considerable clinching and fighting with the free arm. Sullivan evened things up in the second round, the men landing hard right swings and fighting in the clinches like fiends. The third round was desperate. Bernstein held in the clinches, and was badly punished by "Dave," but "Joe" got in some stiff jabs on nose and jaw. It was Sullivan's round.

The fast work of the first four rounds told in the fifth, although early in the battle the men were tiring. The infighting was less frequent and less savage. Both scored some stiff punches on the nose, jaw and neck. It was hot again in the sixth. "Joe" had a shade the best of this and the next three rounds.

In the tenth both men showed the effects of their fierce fighting and went slow until "Dave" landed a crushing right on "Joe's" jaw. Then it was a cyclone of infighting to the bell, with honors even. The twelfth was a hurricane, and Bernstein was punished nearly to a standstill. Again and again "Dave" had him almost out with terrible body punches under which "Joe" reeled like a drunken man. He held on to save himself, and Referee White had to tear him away again and again. The bell saved him.

In the thirteenth "Dave" went at his man like a tiger, although half blinded with blood, which streamed from his left eye where "Joe's" fist had landed in the preceding round. It was a desperate struggle, swing for swing, both men staggering and almost out. It was a toe-up between them at the bell. It was a savage fight and the crowd went wild with excitement.

For ten more rounds the two battered, bleeding men slugged each other. Few of the blows missed, but they were getting very weak and neither had the strength for a knockout.

The last round was one which no spectator will ever forget. It was a mad, savage struggle for a knockout, both landing and landing with lightning quickness, but with no strength. To the majority it looked as if Sullivan had a shade the better of it and deserved the decision. He was clearly the stronger at the finish. But Referee White decided the fight a draw.

DADDY OF 'EM ALL

George Dixon, champion featherweight fighter of the world. Read his life and battles in "Colored Champions." Newly revised and up-to-date. Handsomely illustrated. Price 25 cents. RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York.

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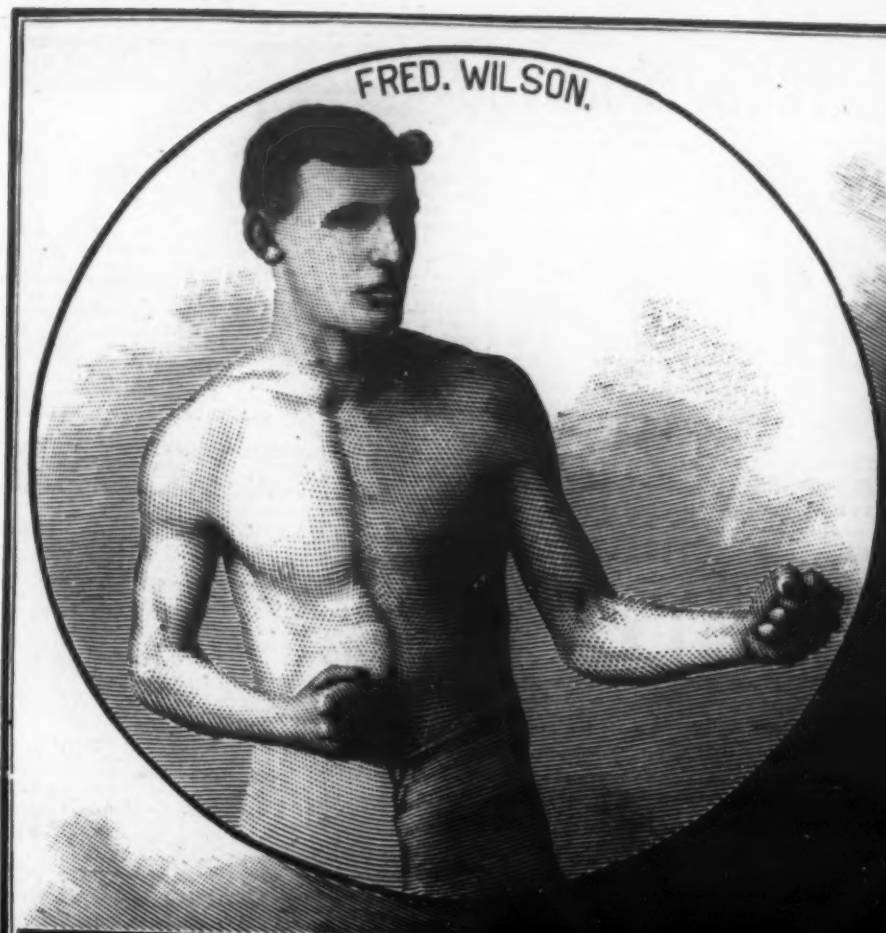
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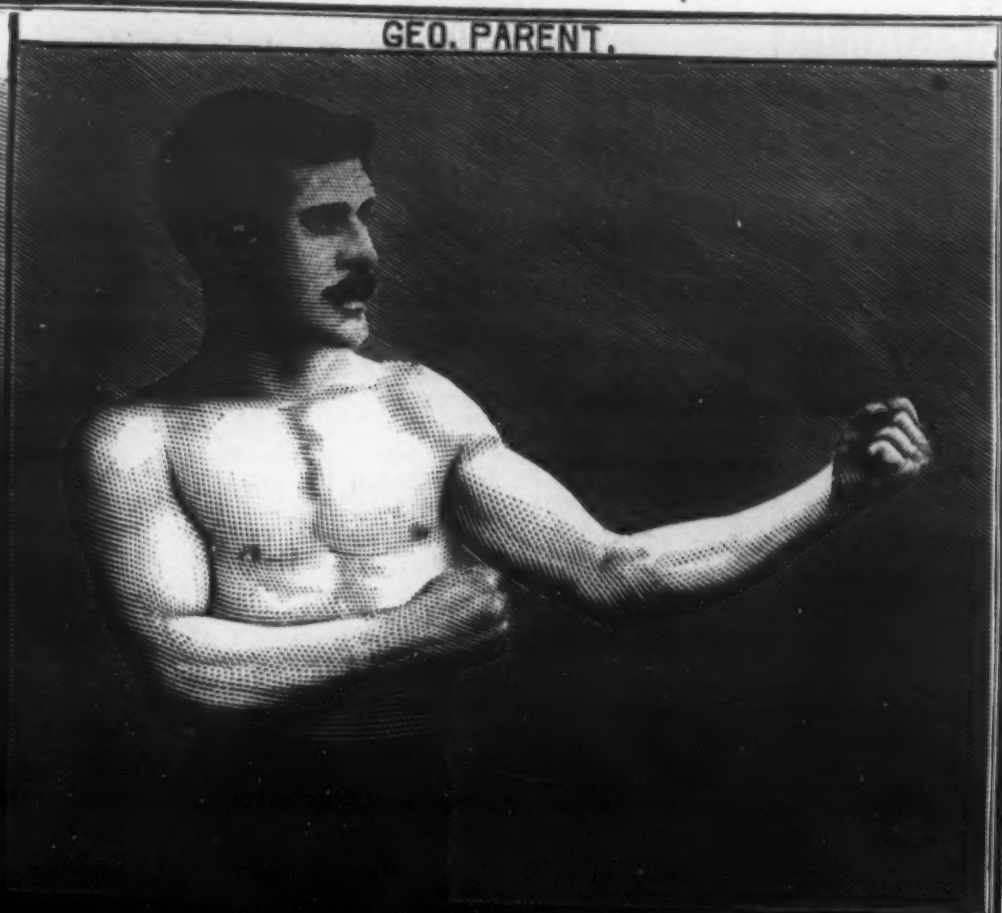
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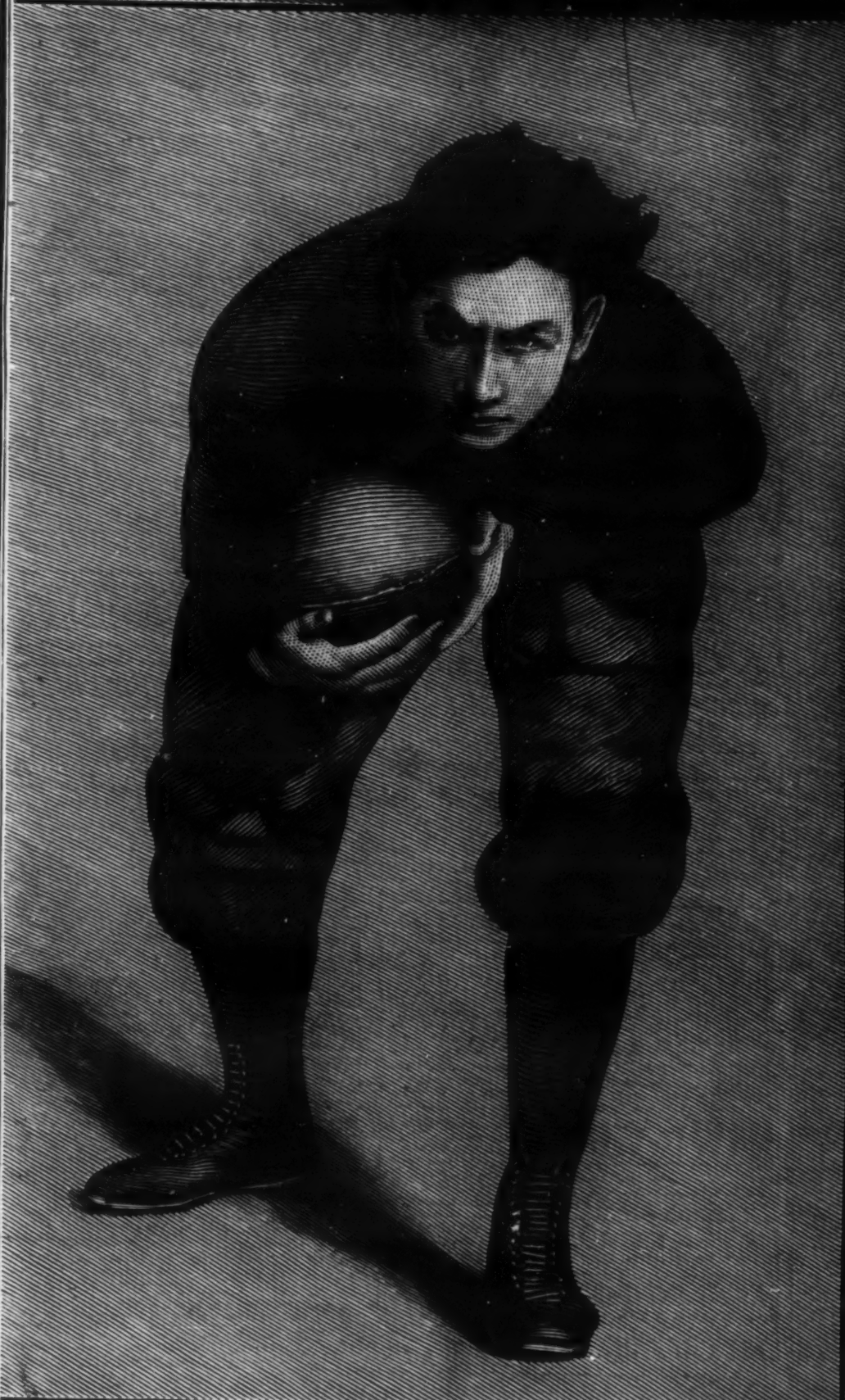
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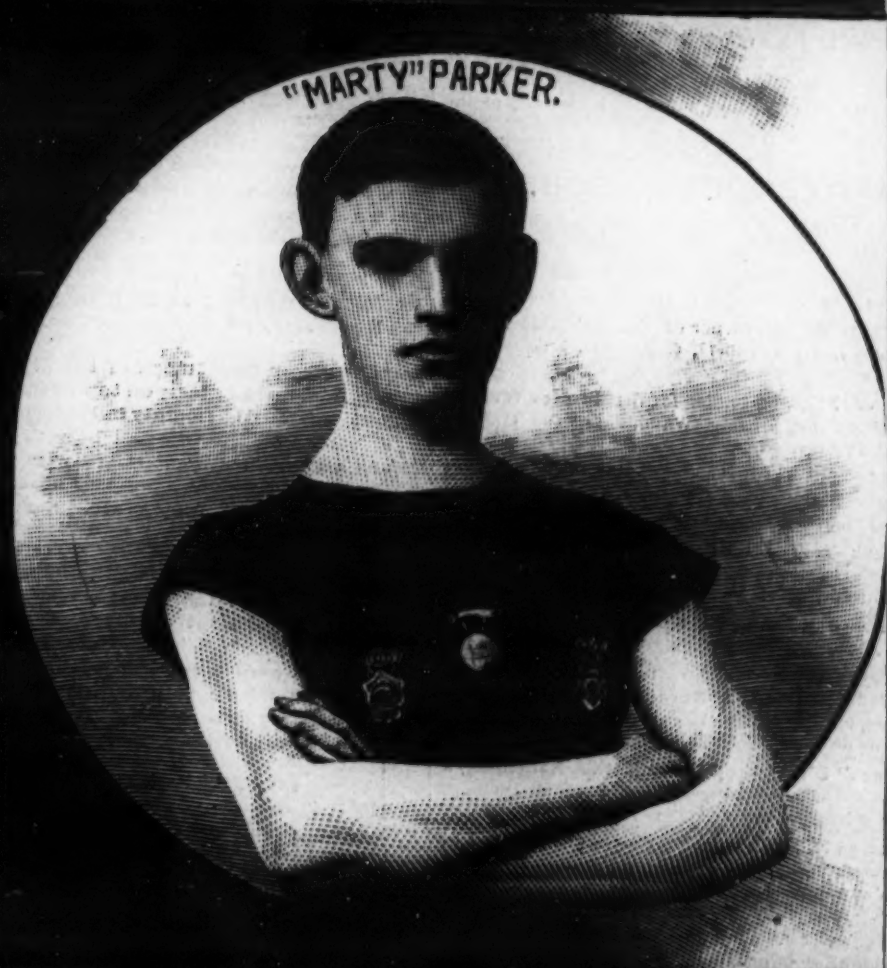
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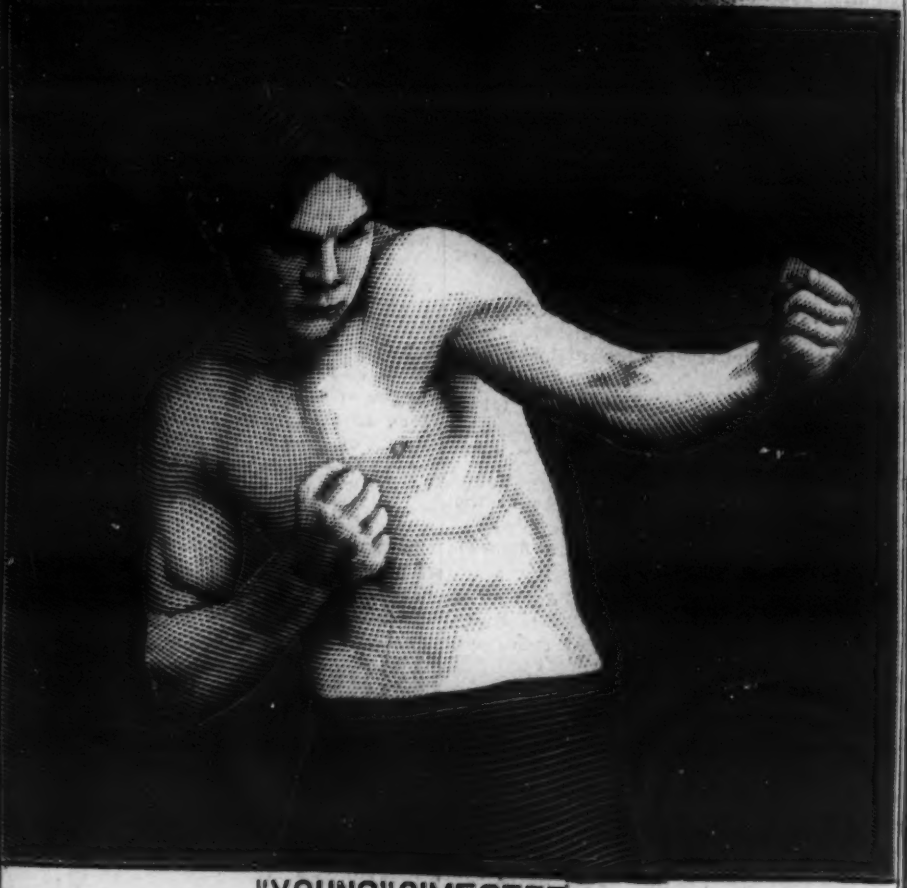
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ATHLETIC PASTIMES ARE INDULGED IN.

SALOONMEN OF IMPORTANCE

"Jake" Luft, a Popular Citizen of
Columbus, O.



"Jake" Luft is a promising and rising young business man of Mt. Vernon avenue, Columbus, O. He owns a fine saloon and knows how to do a trick at the bar. He is the popular financial secretary of the Monroe Athletic Club.

BARTENDERS GOSSIP.

"Ed" Grass, of Oak Park, Cal., is doing a fine business since he remodelled his place.

"Ted" Bird, head bartender at the Bergman Cafe of Sacramento, Cal., is building up a fine trade.

George Barber, owner of the Lakeside Inn, at Bantam Lake, Litchfield, Conn., would like to sell out.

A. W. Flint, bartender for the firm of Wallace and Duckwitz, Frances, Wash., says "The Commodore" is a great drink.

Bud Mathewey, the popular proprietor of Jim and Harry's Saloon at Sacramento, Cal., had his money on Jeffries—also a few hats.

Frank Voigt, who is employed by L. Sarazan in his fine saloon at Sherman, Tex., is a bright, up-to-date hustler, who is bound to succeed.

Edward P. Lyman, of the Senate Cafe, Jerome, Ariz., sends in a recipe for a "Senate Fix." The POLICE GAZETTE is kept on file in his place.

"Tom" Stewart, a Nevada City (Cal.) saloon-keeper, has disposed of his business there and is now looking for a location in Sacramento, Cal.

"Jack" O'Day, proprietor of the Bohemian, a fine resort at 9 Centre street, Trenton, N. J., is one of the best known sporting men in New Jersey.

George R. Phillips, who tickles the palates of the members of the Fort Henry Club, Wheeling, W. Va., knows enough about drinks to write a book.

Charles Barnes, owner of a fine sample room at 2013 State street, Chicago, Ill., invented the most popular drink in the city—the "Eight O'Clock A. M."

"Ed" Horton, of the Reading Exchange, Atlantic City, is decorating his place with POLICE GAZETTE supplements. He knows what is good for business.

"Ed" McLaughlin, of Sacramento, Cal., has just recovered from a severe attack of typhoid fever and will be on watch at the Golden Eagle in a few days.

Harry Netter, author of many popular songs, is press agent for David Shrewsbury's sporting resort at 450 State street, Chicago, Ill. He has many admirers and friends.

Martin Gastman, of Sacramento, Cal., formerly of the Pabst Cafe, has opened a first-class resort at 602 J street. There are few better saloonmen in the business.

"Jack" Fraser, the clever pugilist, has taken charge of the bar at the Windsor Hotel, Portland, Me. He is a good fellow, who will draw trade wherever he goes.

"Jimmie" McCarthy, head barkeeper at the Butler House, Bloomington, Ill., has a fine kennel of fighting dogs, one of which fought the longest battle on record in the West.

H. W. Oberen, better known as "Cabby," a bartender for "Dave" Shrewsbury, 450 State street, Chicago, Ill., is now the happy parent of twin boys, born on Nov. 6, at Shrewsbury's Hotel.

Charles Le Van, who recently owned a saloon in Twenty-seventh street, New York city, has opened a swell place on Congress street, Savannah, Ga., where he will be pleased to meet his Kearn friends.

Theodore Rees, the energetic and merry head bartender of the Mt. Morris Hotel, Harlem, says that the "Commodore" is a very good drink, but costly; but, as he remarks, "good things always come high."

"Syd" Beckett, the inventor of the "Caffoofee Cocktail," is now the sole proprietor of the Caffoofee, at Hyde Park, N. Y. After tending bar in many of the swell places in London he came here and is now doing well.

The citizens of Oak Park, Cal., held an election on the 7th inst. wherein the church people tried to vote the saloons out of that prosperous little town.

The saloonmen and their friends made a hard fight and won out by a two to one vote.

"Joe" Caja, of Sacramento, Cal., a well-known saloonman, has just composed and published several very catchy waiters. Mr. Caja will leave for Paris in a few weeks to complete his musical education, where he will remain until after the World's Fair.

J. W. Thomson, Mullin Brothers' right-hand man at their 129th street, New York city, cafe, is being congratulated on his striking resemblance to W. J. Bryan. Thomson says Bryan is all right, and the boys vote Thomson a good, hall fellow well met.

C. E. Waters, proprietor of the most famous "wet goods" establishment in Erie, Pa., was a caller at the POLICE GAZETTE office the other day. He has decided to go into business in New York city and will soon become the owner of a swell cafe. He is hustling and energetic and ought to be an acquisition to Gotham's sporting coterie. He has been a reader of the POLICE GAZETTE for twenty years.

HERE ARE SOME NEW DRINKS.

Palate Ticklers that will Please the Most Fastidious. Try Them.

GOLF JULEP.

(By "Terrapin Tom" Murray.)

Put into a half pint glass one cube of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of water, two sprays of fresh mint; bruise the mint slightly while crushing the sugar; now add a gill of King William Scotch whiskey; fill the glass full of fine ice; decorate the inside of the glass with cut fruit; on top put a bouquet of fresh mint, slightly frosted with cut sugar, and—send for me.

ABSINTHE FRAPPE ROYAL.

(By Jake Didier, Opera Cafe, Binghamton, N. Y.)

Into a mixing glass put three dashes of gum syrup; one drink of Absinthe; white of an egg. Fill the glass with cracked ice, shake to the freezing point and serve.

STAY DOWN.

(By Eugene E. Sylvester, DeKalb Palace, corner Skillman Street and DeKalb Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.)

Mixing glass; fill with chopped ice; dash in four or five drops of Absinthe; add white of an egg and a pony of Bonekamp. Strain into a cocktail glass and serve with vichy on the side.

"SIMPLEST IS THE BEST."

(By Eugene E. Sylvester, DeKalb Palace, Brooklyn, New York.)

Put three or four lumps of ice in the bottom of a large bar glass; on top of this put a lemon which will fit snugly in the glass, after first cutting off the top and bottom of the lemon and perforating it lengthwise with a knife. Over this pour a pony of brandy and a bottle of Belfast ginger ale. Serve with straws.

GEM BRACE.

(By D. F. Pacetti, Gem Saloon, Savannah, Ga.)

Three dashes Angostura bitters; four dashes Absinthe; three dashes raspberry syrup; one jigger rye whiskey; one lump ice. Stir well and strain in a long, thin bar glass; add one-half bottle live soda; one-half bar spoon pulverized sugar. Drink while fizzing.

CHATHAM EGG FLIP.

(By D. F. Pacetti, Gem Saloon, Savannah, Ga.)

One bar spoon pulverized sugar; two dashes nutmeg; three dashes Curacao; two dashes St. Croix rum; one wine glass rye whiskey; one fresh egg; one wine glass fresh milk. Fill glass with ice; shake well; strain into long, thin bar glass; twist piece lemon peel over, but don't insert peel so as to extract oil, and serve.

KIRCHWASSER COOLER.

(By John L. Donnellon, Roof Garden Bar, Madison Square Garden, New York.)

One-half pony gum syrup; juice of one-half lime; one-half pony yellow Chartreuse; two dashes Maraschino; one sherry glass Kirchwasser; ice well; top with port wine; serve with straws.

HONOLULU COCKTAIL.

(By John H. Conside, Montana Club, Spokane, Wash.)

Take a champagne glass; put in small piece of ice; four or five dashes lemon; small jigger of whiskey; one dash Angostura bitters; fill up with seltzer; add a small bar spoon of sugar; stir and serve.

ALE AND BEER.

Bartenders

Don't

have to leave an inchful of Ale in the bottom of a bottle of

Evans' Ale

Neither do they have to make their customers drink an inchful of sediment. Evans' pours out clean to the last drop. No sediment, that's why.



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